

From the North British Review.

*Autobiography of the Rev. William Walford.* Edited, with a Continuation, by JOHN HOUGHTON. London, 1851.

THAT which entitles this volume to notice beyond the circle of private friendship, and of religious connexion, is not only the peculiarity of the case of suffering which is described in it, but the rare circumstance that such a case should be narrated and described by the sufferer himself, and he, too, a man of superior intelligence and many accomplishments. It is natural to think that some advantage should be taken of an instance of this sort when it occurs, tending perhaps to the furtherance of science; or perhaps to the strengthening or illustration of some principle in morals.

The late Rev. William Walford was an esteemed minister of the Congregational order; and during many years was Resident and Classical Tutor of the Independent College, Homerton—a colleague, therefore, of Dr. John Pye Smith, that ornament of the Dissenting ministry. Mr. Walford was a man of clear intellect, sound judgment, and, one may say, of metaphysical turn. His religious history, as given by himself, with much modesty and ingenuousness, cannot be perused without receiving from it an impression very favorable as to his personal seriousness, and the elevation and purity of his character as a Christian man. He has become known as a religious writer and biblical critic;\* and as a tutor he is gratefully remembered by those who were his pupils.

Mr. Walford commenced his religious life in a manner—we must here refer our readers to the volume—which carried with it to himself a powerful and permanent conviction of its derivation from on high. He felt and knew that in his case, certainly, "faith was not of himself," it was "the gift of God." This persuasion as to the source and the reality of his spiritual existence, it is well to notice. Conjoined with this characteristic of his personal religious feelings, was an early-developed propensity, following him through life, to attempt—with restless and fruitless assiduity, a solution, never by finite minds to be attained, of the problem of the origin of evil. We note this fact in this place merely as it enters into a due consideration of the case before us. Speaking of an early stage of his religious course, Mr. Walford says—he was then in his eighteenth year—

Suddenly I was thrown into extreme agitation, by observing the universal prevalence of moral and physical evil over the whole race of mankind. An inquiry concerning the cause of this desolating calamity immediately engaged my attention. All other considerations were suspended, that I might, if it were practicable, gain some satisfaction on the solemn and mysterious subject. The more, however, I meditated on it, the more incompetent I found myself to devise a solution. I was altogether ignorant that the ques-

tion of the existence (origin) of evil is one of all ages, and of all thoughtful men; and I was equally ignorant of the discordant theories that have been devised to account for the frightful phenomenon.—p. 46.

It was, in fact, this one subject and this perplexity that constituted throughout life the nucleus of the mental sufferings of which, from physical causes, he was the victim: it demands, therefore, to be noted in taking account of those sufferings. At times they reduced him to "a state of despair, bordering on insanity." Now and then, he says, "the cloud broke for a brief interval, when I was consoled by a hope that the darkness would be dispelled, if not sooner, yet by the bright discoveries of the heavenly state." He had, however, so far attained a due religious tranquillity, as to exercise the Christian ministry with acceptance and advantage to others and comfort to himself for a course of years. At length a malady, which from early life had more or less affected him, became so much aggravated as to induce him to surrender the pastoral office, much to the regret of his congregation, at Great Yarmouth. He thus introduces this subject:—

I have hitherto said nothing of an insidious malady by which, from a very early age, I was often very grievously affected, but of the nature and causes of which I was altogether ignorant, though its effects were inexpressibly painful. This malady had shown itself chiefly by almost incessant headaches from my infancy; but soon after my settlement at Yarmouth it assumed a new form. I was attacked by paroxysms of despondency, which, during their continuance, rendered life a burden almost intolerable. I could give no account of the reasons of such disquietude, and was at a loss to devise any probable means of relief.—p. 147.

A journey on horseback brought some relief, but these sufferings recurred frequently during the course of the fourteen years passed by Mr. Walford at Yarmouth.

With almost every source of happiness open to me—(Mr. Walford was happy in his home and congregation)—I was often for months together more wretched than I can describe. My prospects were darkened by the thickest clouds; all things, present and future, were encompassed with fear and dread. Taciturnity, irritability of temper, and unnatural and diseased sensibility of conscience, and such a degree of indolent lassitude as rendered every mental occupation distasteful, increased over me to such a degree as to alarm me lest the sanity of my mind should be subverted. At times my thoughts were so agitated, and my conceptions so disturbed, as to make me apprehensive that some foreign invisible agency was acting upon me. Imaginations of the most extraordinary nature often darted upon me with such rapidity as left me without control over them.—p. 148.

The sufferer had recourse to various means for diverting his thoughts, but in vain.

Often I wandered about the fields and country, driven from my occupation and my home by unutterable anguish; lingering in unfrequented lanes, and hanging on gates and stiles, pouring out frantic and

\* Mr. Walford's publications are—*The Manner of Prayer. The Book of Psalms*: a new Translation, with Notes. *Curæ Romana*: a revised Translation of the Epistle to the Romans; and *A Catechism of Christian Evidences, Truths, and Duties*.

broken supplications to God to have mercy upon me. Not seldom, I was alarmed lest, in spite of myself, I should abandon all religion, and become an infidel or atheist. I dared not disclose to any the condition of my feelings, lest I should be taken for such, or for a madman. My pious, cheerful, and affectionate wife was but too sensible that some sad cause of disquietude preyed upon me; but for several years I replied to her anxious inquiries merely, that my spirits were low and depressed, from what cause I knew not. If these torturing paroxysms had not been relieved by frequent intervals, I must necessarily have relinquished my profession, as it was with inexpressible difficulty I performed its duties, while they were forcibly pressed upon me. So extraordinary, however, was my state, that during the intermissions I experienced I was often cheerful and even gay; I lost sight of my sorrows, and was astonished at myself that I could ever be so painfully affected. This alternation of feeling, altogether unaccountable to me, continued to actuate me through the whole period of my residence in Yarmouth.—p. 149.

In the hope that change of scene and occupation might bring relief, Mr. Walford had accepted an invitation to become resident tutor at Homerton Academy, and for a while the engagements of this new position had the desired effect; but after a while the malady returned in full force, and his mind returned in despair upon its perplexities concerning the origin of evil. Medical aid was resorted to, but with no effect; and the gloom which had so long clouded the mind was deepened to anguish by the death of a beloved daughter. Mr. Walford's distress on this occasion is especially to be noted, as one among several indications clearly distinguishing his malady from what it might seem to resemble—insanity. The *insane* seldom grieve in any such manner, or on such occasions. The following passage is very significant, regarded as a feature of the case:—

The influence of the two kinds of distress by which I was affected differed as much as the causes of it did. My own peculiar sufferings never softened my heart—never drew a tear from my eyes; I was unable to weep, though I often passionately desired to do so. The grief I felt during the time my child was daily sinking to death, and immediately following, vented itself in floods of tears, that seemed to exhaust my whole nature and render me incapable of repressing them.—p. 170.

The unabated pressure of this affliction at length induced Mr. Walford to retire from his position at Homerton, and to seclude himself entirely from the world.

I began to shut myself up in solitude, as walking or riding through the streets made me feel as though every one I met was acquainted with my wickedness and misery. I could not endure to look any one in the face; and ere long the sight of my own face filled me with fear and aversion, as I considered myself to be wholly a reprobate—forsaken of God, and odious to man.—p. 179.

During four years after his retirement from Homerton this distress went on increasing; and descriptions of these sufferings fill pages of this Memoir. Sometimes a passionate impulse to pray seized the sufferer and rendered him almost frantic; but more often devotional exercises were intolerable to him. His books were disposed of, that the sight of them might not torment him. "I earnestly wished," he says, "that I had never learned to read or write." The voices of his family inflicted agony upon him, as well as the light of day, and

the sight of ornamental furniture, especially of looking-glasses; and his dress and personal appearance were neglected; the irritability of his temper being such that he fully expected that he should some day murder some of the inmates of the house.

The agitation and restlessness that affected me were so great that I was unable to sit down, as the moment in which I attempted to do so brought an increase of misery; and I was thus kept pacing up and down my parlor from the time of getting up until going to bed. I was so intensely wearied by this incessant going to and fro as frequently to scream with anguish. In consequence of this painful excitement I seldom rose from my bed before noon, as I was able to continue this posture without additional pain. \* \* \* At night, when endeavoring to compose myself to rest, I was often roused to vigilance by convulsive startings, which no sooner ceased than the most hideous appearances of monstrous face and shape would pass before me, to free myself from which I was constrained to keep my eyes open, that the real objects about me might dispel those of my disordered imagination.—p. 186.

A friend had advised Mr. Walford to divert his thoughts with chess or bagatelle. At first he rejected the idea with scorn, but at length, having made the experiment, he found it avail for enabling him to sit during the day. He therefore called for the board as soon as he came down stairs in the morning, and insisted that his wife or niece should play the whole day, until it was time to retire for sleep. In this manner he played thousands of games. At length he happily discovered that he could play backgammon without a partner.

Relief, however, at length arrived, yet not by the aid of medicine or any new means of recovery. Whether the change in the sufferer's habits should be regarded as the *symptom* of an incipient restoration, or as the *cause* of it, it is not easy to determine. First came a disposition to leave the house and walk after nightfall, when he could be unobserved; then a resumption of his habit of smoking; next a return to books—and anxious to avoid any that might recall religious ideas, the first he selected was Baines' "History of the Cotton Manufacture," and next, Babbage's "Economy of Manufactures," both which he epitomized; and he then commenced a translation of Herodotus. It is manifest that a spontaneous cure was at this time in progress, and had advanced so far that a mere accident sufficed to enable mind and body (so to speak) to cast off the slough of disease which still encrusted both. He was invited on a fine morning in May to take a drive:—

The verdure of the grass, trees, and country in general, with the fineness of the weather, so affected me, that all my fears, disquietudes, and sorrows vanished as if by a miracle, and I was well—entirely relieved, and filled with a transport of delight such as I had never before experienced. My hope and confidence in God were restored, and all my dreary expectations of destroying myself or others were entirely forgotten. On my return home from this reviving excursion every desire to shut myself up and exclude my friends was departed, and I could with difficulty restrain myself from being abroad.—p. 193.

This recovery was permanent for a length of years; and Mr. Walford, some time after he had regained comfort and health, took charge of a small congregation at Uxbridge. In reflecting upon what he had suffered he thought he detected the physical cause of his malady. He mentions

the circumstance of his having been liable from childhood to frequent attacks of headache, which increased in intensity up to about the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, at which time he became liable to a discharge of fetid mucus from one nostril. The opinion of Mr. Cline, whom he consulted, was that an ulcer had formed in the frontal sinus, on one side. But the remedies applied by this eminent surgeon, who, as it appears, misunderstood the case, did but aggravate the disease. Dr. Withering, of Birmingham, whom he afterwards consulted, inquired if he had at any time sustained an injury upon the skull. This pertinent question led him to recall what his mother had mentioned, that when about two years old he had fallen on the edge of a fender and received a dangerous wound on the forehead, the scar of which remained through life. Strange that this scar had not caught Cline's eye! "That," said this physician, "that is the origin of the pain you suffer." The injury had spread inwards, and produced a wound which surgery could not reach, although possibly Nature, in the lapse of years, might work a cure; meantime this deep-seated mischief "should not be tampered with, although stimulants might be employed to assist the escape of the purulent secretion."

Some mitigation was obtained by these means; but just in proportion as the headaches became less frequent, and less intense when they occurred, those mental sufferings which have above been described were enhanced. The dejection and the anguish of the soul took the place of the paroxysms of bodily suffering. The substitution of the one kind of suffering for the other was so gradual as not to attract Mr. Walford's attention at the time, but he at length became fully cognizant of it. After his recovery he could not doubt that both were attributable to the same cause—the injury the head had received in infancy; and that when at length mental distress came in place of bodily pain, it was because the diseased action had passed in from the cranium to the brain itself. This diseased action at length wore itself out, and a spontaneous recovery ensued.

Threatening clouds did, however, at times darken Mr. Walford's skies—the perplexities of his early years regained their influence, in some degree, over his mind, and his last days were in fact saddened by a return, though in a somewhat mitigated form, of his malady—the same despondency, with distaste of his usual occupations, incessant restlessness, and occasional outbursts of the language of impassioned despair. Religious consolations did, at moments, return to him, but this gloom was not again dispelled, and he sunk away from life under the cloud.

What remains for placing the whole of this remarkable case before the reader, is to subjoin to the sufferer's own intelligent description of it the result of a *post mortem* examination.

*Examination of the body of the Rev. William Walford, on the 27th of June, 1850, the fifth day after his decease.*

No remarkable external appearance: there was more fat over the whole body than could have been expected when his long illness and great abstinence from food are considered. On opening the head the dura mater was found so firmly attached to the bone at two points as to be incapable of separation without being torn. Those two points were—one near the superior and anterior angle of the right parietal bone, the other at the superior and posterior angle of the

left parietal bone; they were marked on the internal surface of the bones by deep depressions, having a sort of honeycombed appearance, but not carious. The outer table of the skull alone remained at these parts, and its thickness scarcely exceeded stout letter-paper; the size of both depressions was nearly the same—about an inch long by three fourths of an inch in breadth. The color of the brain under the first point was different from all its surrounding surface; it had assumed a green tinge, similar to long retained pus; this did not extend more than a quarter of an inch into the substance of the brain. There was no discoloration of the brain at the second point, nor was there elevation of the surface at either; the depressions in the bone were from thickening of the dura mater in those specified localities. The dura mater throughout its whole extent had lost much of its proper vascularity, and assumed a thickened yellow leathery appearance. Over the whole surface of the brain there was considerable serous effusion; the ventricles were full of water; there were no signs of recent inflammatory action, but there were several points of unnatural adhesion of the membranes, denoting the former existence of an inflammatory state. The lungs were sound throughout, but had large adhesive bands at various parts, the consequence of inflammation at some remote time. There were several ounces of water in both sides of the chest.

The heart was large, flabby, and covered with a good deal of fat, especially at the base. It contained no blood; it was strongly adherent to the pericardium over the whole space corresponding to the left ventricle, the evident effect of inflammation at some former time. The valves of the heart were sound; the aorta was fully one half larger than natural, and at its origin from the heart was an almost continuous circle of ossification. The whole inner surface of the left ventricle and of the arch of the aorta had a deep red color, like inflammation, but there were no enlarged capillary vessels to be seen. The pericardium contained about an ounce of water. All the abdominal viscera were in a healthy condition.

DAN. MACNAMARA, Surgeon, }  
WILLIAM RAYNER, Surgeon, } Uxbridge.

In commenting very briefly, as we may, upon this case, it need scarcely be said that it offers no indications whatever which should ally it to insanity. The most extreme and agonizing paroxysms of the malady, affecting, as they did, the mind only, were of a character altogether unlike the symptoms of that deeper disease. The sufferer, crushed to the earth, gave way to misapprehensions of himself and of the world around him; but he did not talk logically on the ground of utter illusions. He trembled at the thought that the violence of his emotions might some day drive him in frenzy to injure those around him. He did not murkishly ponder murder and suicide. Besides, the affections were in their natural state, which, during insanity, are usually dislocated, retroverted, or utterly torpid. To his affectionate and patient wife he anxiously put the question, "Are you not afraid to live with me?" She, truly interpreting his symptoms, replied, "Not in the least." The death of his child dissolved the father in grief—floods of tears flowed on this occasion. This circumstance alone might suffice to exclude the supposition of insanity.

The *post mortem* examination of the cranium and brain, if regarded as a conclusive summing up of the history of the malady, as furnished by the thoughtful and intelligent sufferer, removes all obscurity from the case, considered *physically*; and this examination should also suffice to repress any attempted theorizing with the intention of borrow-

ing support from it for this or that doctrine, as to the branular structure, or the location of faculties. The points of adhesion of the dura mater to the interior plate of the cranium do not happen, we think, to hit the spots where they *ought* to have been found as the causes of despondency. Nor, even if there had been any such coincidence, would the inference thence derived have been legitimate; for, inasmuch as inflammation had affected the dura mater extensively, or universally, and as serum was suffused over the entire surface of the brain, and throughout the ventricles, a localized cause of particular mental affections can never be assumed. The analogy of facts in pathology warrants the belief that the presence *anywhere*, in the branular or nervous system, of a very small amount of semipurulent matter, would be enough to diffuse throughout it an infection, showing itself in an universal derangement of the nervous economy. It is thus that the absorption of an infinitely minute particle of a specific virus, as in hydrophobia, produces an excitement which soon becomes fatal, throughout the nervous system; and thus, too, specific crudities in aliment, taken up by the mesenteric vessels, and passed into the circulation, give rise to monstrous dreams, and inflict a quick punishment upon the indulgence of appetite at supper.

We are not about to lecture "eminent practitioners," and yet one must marvel at the misapprehensions into which such frequently fall. It is strange that an able physiologist like Cline, with the indications of the interior mischief before his eye, should not have better read the symbols. Those who, as amateurs only, have looked into skulls, must have noticed frequent instances in which a barely observable irregularity, or morbid condition of the interior plate, has told the troubled history of the departed inmate. Now, those who are professionally looking into hundreds of skulls (it might be thought) would find it easy to read the indications of living disease in the contrary direction;—that is to say, from the symptoms to divine with certainty the occult cause. It is not for us to say, or to surmise, whether a true conjecture as to the cause of disease, in a case such as the one we have now had before us, might have suggested effective curative measures; perhaps not. Nor is it to be assumed as certain that a very distinct statement of his case to a patient so intelligent as Mr. Walford would have availed much—or perhaps at all—to bring about what we might term a mental *metastasis* of this sort: "I now know and understand that the distress and despondency I endure spring directly from an inaccessible abscess—such and such. I will so think of it, therefore, henceforth; and, although I must continue to suffer, these sufferings shall not be allowed in my view to spread a pall over the universe." It is doubtful whether, in a case so peculiar and extreme, any such substitution of the physical for the moral and intellectual could have been effected by an act of the will, even in the strongest mind. Perhaps we should assent to the sad conclusion that *extreme* cases such as this lie beyond the reach, as well of the mind itself, as of the physician or surgeon.

But are there not less extreme cases which, if properly understood, may admit of alleviation or cure? We incline to think that mild and *undefined* cases of branular disturbance, indicated by peculiarities of temper, by singularities of opinion, and by chronic or acute fits of moodiness, abound in all circles. If so, what are the practical inferences?

Some of us have already acquired this measure of personal wisdom, leading us to say—when sliding into a mood which our better reason resents—"This is my infirmity; it is not all the world that ought just now to be blamed—but my own stomach rather, or liver, or brain." Let those confess the humiliating fact who are conscious of it, that a well-dressed mutton-chop has sometimes brought them over from Manicheism, or has seemed to condense, within its savory juices, the very essence of a better philosophy. We admit no materializing tendency in saying this.

But may it not safely be assumed that all *moods* of mind, not occasioned by actual and obvious circumstances; that all individual peculiarities of temper, and all those singularities of opinion which, after having been a hundred times exposed, refuted, and apparently discarded, return ever and again to their wonted place of supremacy in the mind; that all these specialities of the individual take their rise in the animal organization, either as consequences of mal-formations, or of morbid action, or inaction?

The first inference, then, of course, is to employ medical treatment, where the case is sufficiently pronounced to call for it. But the second inference is of another sort, and it bears upon the question of what is the best *moral* treatment in such cases. Now, in dealing with them—and the father of a family, and the teacher of youth, and the minister of religion, are called to deal with them—it is, we think, an error to take the course of a sedulous and solicitous treatment of the patient in *his own style and tone*. We assuredly shall end in making him a sentimental hypochondriac, if we do so. It is easy to be too wise, too nice, too "considerate," too learnedly skilful, in attempting cures in such cases. In a word, that which such patients need is not moral *physic*, but moral *aliment*. An ingenious medical adviser often says, "You don't want me; get abroad and live well." So it is in the analogous instances which we have in view. Temper, and moodiness, and a tendency to view all things under one color, which a parent may see to have a physical origin, (and this ought, perhaps, always to be assumed as the fact,) are not to be reasoned with (ordinarily) or talked out of the patient; nor is he to be worried by reiterated rebukes into some morbid equivalent, which is very likely to prove itself something more or worse than an *equivalent*.

Rather administer more of bland, tranquil love—not to the *patient singly*, but to the household of which he is a member; let a better ventilation in the house—the *oikos*—disperse domestic miasmas; open the windows to the light of heaven; increase the daily rations of sound doctrine—that is to say, Christian beliefs, unadulterated, undiluted, and ungrudged. The things which we assuredly hold to be true, let us speak of them as if we so held them; rising up and sitting down, going out and coming in. Ill-temper and despondencies, and religious moroseness, are abated, mitigated, or remedied by, and in the midst of heaven's atmosphere, and the daylight of Christian hope. Are we saying that "miracles" of cure may be effected by them, or by any such means? No, indeed; nevertheless, more may thus be done than those imagine who have not fairly made the experiment.

There is doubtless a broad, middle region, indefinitely bordered on the one side by those cases of *severe* physical disease, to which medical or surgical treatment must almost despair of affording



relief; and, on the other side, by instances of a purely intellectual and moral kind, in the treatment of which the homogeneous means of suasion and reasoning, and these only, are appropriate. But to those far more numerous and mixed cases which, belonging, as to their first cause, to pathology, are, nevertheless, remediable wholly or partly by means of moral treatment; to these cases we should apply a rule analogous to that which undoubtedly would now, by most practitioners, be adhered to in treating the same cases physically: "Do not tamper with the general health by dosing the liver, or the stomach, or the brain; do whatever will invigorate the entire animal system." In the moral treatment, likewise, we say—cease to argue with infatuation; do not apply logic to a sullen misanthropy; cease from attempting to tinker a bad temper. Be deaf to the outbursts of petulance; be blind to those imperfections of which the patient, left to himself, (or herself), is presently ashamed. Do not neglect the disease; but do not let the patient feel that you are always thinking of it. Be sure that the remedy, if indeed the case admits of moral and religious treatment, is to be found in a free administration of great and soul-quickenings truths—truths of universal applicability—truths that recognize no individual peculiarities—truths that are as broad as the heavens, as bright, and as unchanging.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

## LETTER OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

THE following letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her husband, (communicated by Robert Cole, Esq., F. S. A., from the original in his Collection of Autographs,) has not been printed in the collected editions of her letters; though certainly not less deserving of publication than most that are so. Its date is the 10th Jan., 1745-6, and it was apparently the last she wrote to Mr. Montagu from Avignon, where she resided more than two years. In a published letter, dated Brescia, Aug. 25, N. S. 1746, she says:—

You will be surprised at the date of this letter, but Avignon has been long disagreeable to me on many accounts, and now more than ever, from the increase of Scotch and Irish rebels, that choose it for their refuge, and are so highly protected by the Vice-Legat, that it is impossible to go into any company without having a conversation that is improper to be listened to, and dangerous to contradict.

As regards the question of the terms upon which Lady Mary left her husband,\* this letter is at least of some importance, being as expressive of cordial affection as if they had been separated only a few days, instead of more than six years; and it confirms the noble editor's view, that there was no more violent cause of separation than the absence of a wish to live together. It also illustrates very fully his lordship's remarks upon Mr. Wortley's "preserving, docketing, and endorsing with his own hand all her letters, showing that he received nothing that came from her with indifference."

Avignon, Jan. 10, N. S.

I return you many thanks for y<sup>e</sup> trouble you have taken in sending me Miss Fielding's books; they would have been much welcomer had they been accompany'd with a letter from your selfe. I received

\* See Lord Wharnccliffe's Introductory Anecdotes to the Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu, edit. 1837, l. 90.

at the same time (w<sup>ch</sup> was but two days ago) one from Mr. Muilman, who inform'd me that you were at the waters of Pyrmont; the date is so old, I suppose you are long since returned to England. I hope your journey has been rather for pleasure than necessity of health. I suppose your travelling (of which I never had any notice from you) has occasion'd the miscarriage of the many I have wrote to you. I directed them all to Cavendish Square (which perhaps you have left) excepting the last, w<sup>ch</sup> I enclos'd to my daughter. I have never heard from her since, nor from any other person in England, w<sup>ch</sup> gives me the greatest uneasiness; but the most sensible part of it is in regard of your health, w<sup>ch</sup> is truly and sincerely the dearest concern I have in this world. I am very impatient to leave this town, w<sup>ch</sup> has been highly disagreeable to me ever since the beginning of this war, but the impossibility of returning into Italy, and the law in France w<sup>ch</sup> gives to the king all the effects any person decess'd dyes possess'd of, and I own that I am very desirous my jewells and some little necessary plate that I have bought should be safely deliver'd into y<sup>r</sup> hands, hoping you will be so good to dispose of them to my daughter. The D. of Richieu flattered me for some time that he would obtain for me a permission to dispose of my goods, but has not yet done it, and you know the uncertainty of court promises.

I beg you to write, tho' it is but two lines; 't is now many months since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you.

Addressed—

To Edward Wortley, Esq.  
[At Messrs. Saml. Child, Backwell, and Co.]\*  
London.

Indorsed in E. Wortley's hand-writing:

A<sup>d</sup>.

L. M. 10 Jan., 1745.—Thanks for Miss Fielding's books—Supposes my travelling occasioned the miscarriage of many letters; she wrote all directed to Cavendish Square; the last enclosed to our daughter—has never heard since from any one in England—her concern abt me—Does not go to France, fearing her jewells might go to the king, which she desires may go to her daughter.—Many months since she heard from me; desires me to write, tho' but two lines.

Rec<sup>d</sup>. 22 Jan.

A<sup>d</sup>. 4 Mar.

From the Morning Chronicle of 5 May.

## ADMISSIBILITY OF INSANE WITNESSES.

REGINA V. HILL.

THIS case arose out of a trial for felony, in which one of the principal witnesses was an inmate of a lunatic asylum, his lunacy consisting of an impression that he had 20,000 spirits in his stomach, and that he had conversations with Martin Luther and Calvin, and other controversial spirits. Previous to his being sworn at the trial, medical testimony was adduced to show the state of his mind, and it was proved that, with the exception of the delusion above mentioned, he was perfectly rational, and capable of giving a true account of what he was eye-witness to. It also appeared that, on the lunatic being examined on the *voir dire* by the judge, he seemed to be perfectly aware of the nature and obligation of an oath. Objection was taken to his admissibility as a witness, by reason of his being a lunatic, which objection was overruled by Mr. Justice Coleridge, who presided at the trial, on the ground that the admissibility of the lunatic as a

\* The words between brackets in another hand.

witness was a question for the judge, while the effect of his testimony would be a question for the jury. The point was, however, reserved for the consideration of this court.

Mr. Collyer, who appeared for the prisoner, contended—first, that, in point of fact, it appeared that the witness was *non compos mentis*; secondly, he would show that a person *non compos mentis* was never admissible as a witness; thirdly, he would show why no exception should be engrafted on that proposition; and, fourthly, that, under the circumstances of the case, the witness should not have been admitted. It was conceded that the witness was *non compos mentis*, and, such being the case, there were many authorities which went to show that persons *non compos mentis* could not be allowed to give evidence; there were likewise many other reasons against that course being adopted, such as public policy and convenience.

Lord Campbell: The question is, whether Mr. Justice Coleridge was right or wrong in admitting him as a witness.

Mr. Collyer: A person *non compos mentis* is not admissible upon general principle, because he has not sufficient understanding to tell the truth, as appears from Comyn's Digest, Testmoigne, a. 1; and likewise from the opinion of Mr. Justice Bullen, in his work on Nisi Prius, p. 283 a.; and also from the opinion of that learned judge and Lord Kenyon, in the case of the King v. the Inhabitants of Eriswell, in 3 and 4 Term Reports, p. 707. It had been said that an infant was not admissible, because he came under the head of *non compos mentis*; but there was a distinction between the case of a child who does not understand the nature of an oath and the case of a lunatic. A child's mind is not sufficiently developed to understand the nature of an oath, whereas the mind of a lunatic is fully developed, but, at the same time, insane. He had not been able to find any cases deciding that a lunatic could be a witness, though the contrary appeared to be assumed in all the cases which bore upon the subject. If medical men gave testimony, stating that a witness was insane, it was not for the judge to determine to what extent he was insane, but it was his duty to reject the evidence altogether. In the present case, the witness labored under a monomania that he was afflicted by spirits who were opposed to the evidence which he was about to give; and, under all the circumstances, he (the learned counsel) was of opinion that if their lordships had presided at the trial, they would have rejected the evidence which had been admitted.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, Mr. Clarkson, and Mr. Bodkin, who appeared on behalf of the prosecution, were not called upon.

Lord Campbell, in delivering judgment, said: I am glad that this question has been reserved; for it is a question of great importance, and one which ought to be decided. I entertain no doubt on the subject; the rule was properly laid down in a case before Baron Parke at York, in which, with the concurrence of the judges, he decided that the admissibility was in the discretion of the judge at the trial, and the effect of the evidence a question for the jury. I agree with that opinion, for, supposing there be a delusion in the mind of a lunatic witness, it is for the judge to say whether he has a proper sense of religion, and acts under the sanction and obligation of an oath; and the judge having determined, it is then for the jury to say what value they will put upon his evidence. Many authorities have been produced, and the question is in what

sense *non compos* is used in those authorities; a man may be *non compos* in one sense, and yet be *compos* and capable of giving evidence in the case to be inquired into. I have no doubt that the witness was admissible in the present case, and I should have decided as my brother Coleridge has done. The surgeons say that the witness was capable of speaking of what he was an eye-witness to, and that they always found him rational except on the subject of spirits. Mr. Collyer's proposition would be highly inexpedient, not only in the conviction of the guilty, but also in the procurement of the acquittal of the innocent.

Mr. Baron Alderson: I agree with my Lord Campbell, and that it is for the judge to say whether a lunatic witness is to be allowed to give evidence. If all lunatics were excluded in lunatic asylums, where many persons are under the care of one individual, they would be entirely at his mercy if they were to be disqualified.

Mr. Justice Coleridge: This case is one of great importance, and Mr. Collyer has furnished the court with rules and dicta, which state general propositions without qualifications, but formerly the question of competency was considered on narrower grounds than has latterly been the case. The witness in the present case was more than usually instructed in the nature and obligation of an oath, and I admitted him to give evidence, feeling assured that the jury would have rejected any part that appeared to them unworthy of belief.

Mr. Baron Platt concurred.

Mr. Justice Telford concurred, and stated that if Mr. Collyer's proposition was entertained the result would be most disastrous; for that some of the wisest men had been subject to delusions. Martin Luther asserted and believed that he had had a conflict with the devil; and Dr. Johnson was convinced that he had heard his mother call him after her death.

#### SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

A THOUGHT of joy, that rises in the mind  
Where sadness hath been sitting many an hour!  
A thought of joy, that comes with sudden power  
When least the welcome guest we looked to find!  
Who sends that thought? Whence springs it? Like  
the wind,  
Its passage is invisible! The shower  
That falls is seen—the lightning o'er the bower  
Passes with fiery wing, and leaves behind  
Rent boughs and withered buds! But air and  
thought  
Come and depart, we know not how! Be sure  
From Heaven the solace is! Lo, as men note  
A gorgeous butterfly, whose tremulous wings—  
All bright with crimson meal—a glory flings;  
So joyful thoughts are seen, and sent by angels pure!

THE "Piedmontese Gazette" announces that it has received the intelligence that the viceroy of Egypt has definitively sanctioned the construction of the Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez Railway.

CAPTAIN GUESDON, commanding the French whaler the Salamandre, just arrived at Havre, gives an account of the discovery of a cluster of islands which is not marked on any of the charts. They lie in 172 deg. 56 min. west longitude of the meridian of Paris, and 9 deg. 38 min. south latitude. They are from twenty-five to thirty in number, three of them of some extent, and all covered with cocoa-nut trees.

## BOOK V.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

"I HOPE, Pisistratus," said my father, "that you do not intend to be dull!"

"Heaven forbid, sir! what could make you ask such a question? *Intend*. No! if I am dull it is from innocence."

"A very long discourse upon knowledge!" said my father; "very long. I should cut it out!"

I looked upon my father as a Byzantine sage might have looked on a Vandal. "Cut it out!"

"Stops the action, sir!" said my father dogmatically.

"Action! But a novel is not a drama."

"No, it is a great deal longer—twenty times as long, I dare say," replied Mr. Caxton with a sigh.

"Well, sir—well! I think my discourse upon knowledge has much to do with the subject—is vitally essential to the subject; does not stop the action—only explains and elucidates the action. And I am astonished, sir, that you, a scholar, and a cultivator of knowledge"—

"There—there!" cried my father, deprecatingly.

"I yield—I yield. What better could I expect when I set up for a critic? What author ever lived that did not fly into a passion—even with his own father, if his father presumed to say—'Cut out!' *Pacem imploro*"

Mrs. Caxton.—"My dear Austin, I am sure Pisistratus did not mean to offend you, and I have no doubt he will take your"—

Pisistratus, (hastily).—"Advice for the future, certainly. I will quicken the action, and"—

"Go on with the Novel," whispered Roland, looking up from his eternal account-book. "We have lost £200 by our barley!"

Therewith I plunged my pen into the ink, and my thoughts into the "Fair Shadowland."

## CHAPTER II.

"HALT!" cried a voice; and not a little surprised was Leonard when the stranger who had accosted him the preceding evening got into the chaise.

"Well," said Richard, "I am not the sort of man you expected, eh? Take time to recover yourself." And with these words Richard drew forth a book from his pocket, threw himself back, and began to read. Leonard stole many a glance at the acute, hardy, handsome face of his companion, and gradually recognized a family likeness to poor John, in whom, despite age and infirmity, the traces of no common share of physical beauty were still evident. And, with that quick link in ideas which mathematical aptitude bestows, the young student at once conjectured that he saw before him his uncle Richard. He had the discretion, however, to leave that gentleman free to choose his own time for introducing himself, and silently revolved the new thoughts produced by the novelty of his situation. Mr. Richard read with notable quickness—sometimes cutting the leaves of his book with his penknife, sometimes tearing them open with his forefinger, sometimes skipping whole pages altogether. Thus he galloped to the end of the volume—flung it aside—lighted his cigar, and began to talk.

He put many questions to Leonard relative to his

rearing, and especially to the mode by which he had acquired his education; and Leonard, confirmed in the idea that he was replying to a kinsman, answered frankly.

Richard did not think it strange that Leonard should have acquired so much instruction with so little direct tuition. Richard Avenel himself had been tutor to himself. He had lived too long with our go-ahead brethren, who stride the world on the other side the Atlantic with the seven-leagued boots of the Giant-killer, not to have caught their glorious fever for reading. But it was for a reading wholly different from that which was familiar to Leonard. The books he read must be new; to read old books would have seemed to him going back in the world. He fancied that new books necessarily contained new ideas—a common mistake—and our lucky adventurer was the man of his day.

Tired with talking, he at length chucked the book he had run through to Leonard, and, taking out a pocket-book and pencil, amused himself with calculations on some detail of his business, after which he fell into an absorbed train of thought—part pecuniary, part ambitious.

Leonard found the book interesting; it was one of the numerous works, half-statistic, half-declamatory, relating to the condition of the working-classes, which peculiarly distinguish our century, and ought to bind together rich and poor, by proving the grave attention which modern society bestows upon all that can affect the welfare of the last.

"Dull stuff—theory—claptrap," said Richard, rousing himself from his reverie at last; "it can't interest you."

"All books interest me, I think," said Leonard, "and this especially; for it relates to the working-class, and I am one of them."

"You were yesterday, but you mayn't be to-morrow," answered Richard good-humoredly, and patting him on the shoulder. "You see, my lad, that it is the middle class which ought to govern the country. What the book says about the ignorance of country magistrates is very good; but the man writes pretty considerable trash when he wants to regulate the number of hours a free-born boy should work at a factory—only ten hours a day—pooh!—and so lose two to the nation! Labor is wealth; and if we could get men to work twenty-four hours a day, we should be just twice as rich. If the march of civilization is to proceed," continued Richard, loftily, "men, and boys too, must not lie a-bed doing nothing *all night*, sir." Then with a complacent tone—"We shall get to the twenty-four hours at last; and, by gad, we must, or we shan't flog the Europeans as we do now."

On arriving at the inn at which Richard had first made acquaintance with Mr. Dale, the coach by which he had intended to perform the rest of the journey was found to be full. Richard continued to perform the journey in post-chaises, not without some grumbling at the expense, and incessant orders to the postboys to make the best of the way. "Slow country this, in spite of all its brag," said he—"very slow. Time is money—they know that in the States; for why, they are all men of business there. Always slow in a country where a parcel of lazy idle lords, and dukes, and baronets, seem to think 'time is pleasure.'"

Towards evening the chaise approached the confines of a very large town, and Richard began to grow fidgety. His easy cavalier air was abandoned. He withdrew his legs from the window, out of which they had been luxuriously dangling; pulled down his waistcoat; buckled more tightly his stock; it was clear that he was resuming the decorous dignity that belongs to state. He was like a monarch who, after travelling happy and incognito, returns to his capital. Leonard divined at once that they were nearing their journey's end.

Humble foot-passengers now looked at the chaise, and touched their hats. Richard returned the salutation with a nod—a nod less gracious than condescending. The chaise turned rapidly to the left, and stopped before a smart lodge, very new, very white, adorned with two Doric columns in stucco, and flanked by a large pair of gates. "Hollo!" cried the postboy, and cracked his whip.

Two children were playing before the lodge, and some clothes were hanging out to dry on the shrubs and pales round the neat little building.

"Hang those brats! they are actually playing," growled Dick. "As I live, the jade has been washing again! Stop, boy." During this soliloquy, a good-looking young woman had rushed from the door—slapped the children as, catching sight of the chaise, they ran towards the house—opened the gates, and, dropping a curtsy to the ground, seemed to wish that she could drop into it altogether, so frightened and so trembling seemed she to shrink from the wrathful face which the master now put out of the window.

"Did I tell you, or did I not," said Dick, "that I would not have these horrid disreputable cubs of yours playing just before my lodge gates?"

"Please, sir—"

"Don't answer me. And did I tell you, or did I not, that the next time I saw you making a drying-ground of my lilacs, you should go out, neck and crop—"

"O, please sir—"

"You leave my lodge next Saturday: drive on, boy. The ingratitude and insolence of those common people are disgraceful to human nature," muttered Richard, with an accent of the bitterest misanthropy.

The chaise wheeled along the smoothest and freshest of gravel roads, and through fields of the finest land, in the highest state of cultivation. Rapid as was Leonard's survey, his rural eye detected the signs of a master in the art agronomical. Hitherto he had considered the squire's model farm as the nearest approach to good husbandry he had seen; for Jackeymo's finer skill was developed rather on the minute scale of market-gardening than what can fairly be called husbandry. But the squire's farm was degraded by many old-fashioned notions, and concessions to the whim of the eye, which would not be found in model farms now-a-days—large tangled hedgerows, which, though they constitute one of the beauties most picturesque in old England, make sad deductions from produce; great trees, overshadowing the corn, and harboring the birds; little patches of rough sward left to waste; and angles of woodland running into fields, exposing them to rabbits, and blocking out the sun. These and suchlike blots on a gentleman farmer's agriculture, common-sense and Giacomo had made clear to the acute comprehension of Leonard. No such faults were perceptible in Richard Avenel's domain. The fields lay in broad divisions, the

hedges were clipped and narrowed into their proper destination of mere boundaries. Not a blade of wheat withered under the cold shade of a tree; not a yard of land lay waste; not a weed was to be seen, not a thistle to waft its baleful seed through the air; some young plantations were placed, not where the artist would put them, but just where the farmer wanted a fence from the wind. Was there no beauty in this? Yes, there was beauty of its kind—beauty at once recognizable to the initiated—beauty of use and profit—beauty that could bear a monstrous high rent. And Leonard uttered a cry of admiration which thrilled through the heart of Richard Avenel.

"This is farming!" said the villager.

"Well, I guess it is," answered Richard, all his ill-humor vanishing. "You should have seen the land when I bought it. But we new men, as they call us—(damn their impertinence!)—are the new blood of this country."

Richard Avenel never said anything more true. Long may the new blood circulate through the veins of the mighty giantess; but let the grand heart be the same as it has beat for proud ages.

The chaise now passed through a pretty shrubbery, and the house came into gradual view—a house with a portico—all the offices carefully thrust out of sight.

The postboy dismounted, and rang the bell.

"I almost think they are going to keep me waiting," said Mr. Richard, well-nigh in the very words of Louis XIV.

But that fear was not realized—the door opened; a well-fed servant out of livery presented himself. There was no hearty welcoming smile on his face, but he opened the chaise-door with demure and taciturn respect.

"Where's George? why does not he come to the door?" asked Richard, descending from the chaise slowly, and leaning on the servant's outstretched arm with as much precaution as if he had had the gout.

Fortunately, George here came into sight, settling himself hastily into his livery coat.

"See to the things, both of you," said Richard, as he paid the postboy.

Leonard stood on the gravel sweep, gazing at the square white house.

"Handsome elevation—classical, I take it—eh!" said Richard, joining him. "But you should see the offices."

He then, with familiar kindness, took Leonard by the arm, and drew him within. He showed him the hall, with a carved mahogany stand for hats; he showed him the drawing-room, and pointed out all its beauties—though it was summer the drawing-room looked cold, as will look rooms newly furnished, with walls newly papered, in houses newly built. The furniture was handsome, and suited to the rank of a rich trader. There was no pretence about it, and therefore no vulgarity, which is more than can be said for the houses of many an honorable Mrs. Somebody in Mayfair, with rooms twelve feet square, chokeful of buhl, that would have had its proper place in the Tuileries. Then Richard showed him the library, with mahogany book-cases and plate glass, and the fashionable authors handsomely bound. Your new men are much better friends to living authors than your old families who live in the country, and at most subscribe to a book-club. Then Richard took him up-stairs, and led him through the bedrooms—all very clean and comfortable, and with



every modern convenience ; and, pausing in a very pretty single gentleman's chamber, said, " This is your den. And now, can you guess who I am ! "

" No one but my Uncle Richard could be so kind," answered Leonard.

But the compliment did not flatter Richard. He was extremely disconcerted and disappointed. He had hoped that he should be taken for a lord at least, forgetful of all that he had said in disparagement of lords.

" Pish ! " said he at last, biting his lip—" so you don't think that I look like a gentleman ! Come, now, speak honestly."

Leonard wonderingly saw he had given pain, and, with the good-breeding which comes instinctively from good-nature, replied—" I judged you by your heart, sir, and your likeness to my grandfather—otherwise I should never have presumed to fancy we could be relations."

" Hum ! " answered Richard. " You can just wash your hands, and then come down to dinner ; you will hear the gong in ten minutes. There's the bell—ring for what you want."

With that he turned on his heel ; and, descending the stairs, gave a look into the dining-room, and admired the plated salver on the sideboard, and the king's pattern spoons and forks on the table. Then he walked to the looking-glass over the mantle-piece ; and, wishing to survey the whole effect of his form, mounted a chair. He was just getting into an attitude which he thought imposing, when the butler entered, and, being London bred, had the discretion to try to escape unseen ; but Richard caught sight of him in the looking-glass and colored up to the temples.

" Jarvis," said he mildly—" Jarvis, put me in mind to have these inexpressibles altered."

#### CHAPTER III.

APROPOS of the inexpressibles, Mr. Richard did not forget to provide his nephew with a much larger wardrobe than could have been thrust into Dr. Riccabocca's knapsack. There was a very good tailor in the town, and the clothes were very well made. And, but for an air more ingenuous, and a cheek that, despite study and night vigils, retained much of the sunburnt bloom of the rustic, Leonard Fairfield might now have almost passed, without disparaging comment, by the bow-window at White's. Richard burst into an immoderate fit of laughter when he first saw the watch which the poor Italian had bestowed upon Leonard ; but, to atone for the laughter, he made him a present of a very pretty substitute, and bade him " lock up his turnip." Leonard was more hurt by the jeer at his old patron's gift than pleased by his uncle's. But Richard Avenel had no conception of sentiment. It was not for many days that Leonard could reconcile himself to his uncle's manner. Not that the peasant could pretend to judge of its mere conventional defects ; but there is an ill-breeding to which, whatever our rank and nature, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill-breeding that comes from want of consideration for others. Now, the squire was as homely in his way as Richard Avenel, but the squire's bluntness rarely hurt the feelings ; and when it did so, the squire perceived and hastened to repair his blunder. But Mr. Richard, whether kind or cross, was always wounding you in some little delicate fibre—not from malice, but from the absence of any little delicate fibres of his own. He was really, in many respects, a most excellent man, and, certainly, a very valuable citi-

zen. But his merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves that constitute beauty of character. He was honest, but sharp in his practice, and with a keen eye to his interests. He was just, but as a matter of business. He made no allowances, and did not leave to his justice the large margin of tenderness and mercy. He was generous, but rather from an idea of what was due to himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gave to others ; and he even regarded generosity as a capital put out to interest. He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave. Every needy voter knew where to come, if he wanted relief or a loan ; but woe to him if he had ventured to express hesitation when Mr. Avenel told him how he must vote.

In this town Richard had settled after his return from America, in which country he had enriched himself—first, by spirit and industry—lastly, by bold speculation and good luck. He invested his fortune in business—became a partner in a large brewery—soon bought out his associates—and then took a principal share in a flourishing corn-mill. He prospered rapidly—bought a property of some two or three hundred acres, built a house, and resolved to enjoy himself, and make a figure. He had now become the leading man of the town, and the boast to Audley Egerton that he could return one of the members, perhaps both, was by no means an exaggerated estimate of his power. Nor was his proposition, according to his own views, so unprincipled as it appeared to the statesman. He had taken a great dislike to both the sitting members—a dislike natural to a sensible man of moderate politics, who had something to lose. For Mr. Slappe, the active member—who was head-over-ears in debt—was one of the furious democrats rare before the Reform Bill—and whose opinions were held dangerous even by the mass of a Liberal constituency ; while Mr. Sleekie, the gentleman member, who laid by £5000 every year from his dividends in the Funds, was one of those men whom Richard justly pronounced to be " humbugs"—men who curry favor with the extreme party by voting for measures sure not to be carried ; while, if there were the least probability of coming to a decision that would lower the money market, Mr. Sleekie was seized with a well-timed influenza. Those politicians are common enough now. Propose to march to the Millennium, and they are your men. Ask them to march a quarter of a mile, and they fall to feeling their pockets, and trembling for fear of the footpads. They are never so joyful as when there is no chance of a victory. Did they beat the minister, they would be carried out of the house in a fit.

Richard Avenel—despising both these gentlemen, and not taking kindly to the whigs since the great whig leaders were lords—looked with a friendly eye to the government as it then existed, and especially to Audley Egerton, the enlightened representative of commerce. But in giving Audley and his colleagues the benefit of his influence, through conscience, he thought it all fair and right to have a *quid pro quo*, and, as he had so frankly confessed, it was his whim to rise up " Sir Richard." For this worthy citizen abused the aristocracy much on the same principle as the fair Olivia depreciated Squire Thornhill—he had a sneaking affection for what he abused. The society of Screwestown was, like most provincial capitals, composed of two classes—the commercial and the

exclusive. These last dwelt chiefly apart, around the ruins of an old abbey; they affected its antiquity in their pedigrees, and had much of its ruin in their finances. Widows of rural thanes in the neighborhood—genteel spinsters—officers retired on half-pay—younger sons of rich squires, who had now become old bachelors—in short, a very respectable, proud, aristocratic set—who thought more of themselves than do all the Gowers and Howards, Courtenays and Seymours, put together. It had early been the ambition of Richard Avenel to be admitted into this sublime coterie; and, strange to say, he had partially succeeded. He was never more happy than when he was asked to their card-parties, and never more unhappy than when he was actually there. Various circumstances combined to raise Mr. Avenel into this elevated society. First, he was unmarried, still very handsome, and in that society there was a large proportion of unwedded females. Secondly, he was the only rich trader in Screwestown who kept a good cook, and professed to give dinners, and the half-pay captains and colonels swallowed the host for the sake of the venison. Thirdly, and principally, all these exclusives abhorred the two sitting members, and “*idem nolle idem velle de republicâ, ea firma amicitia est* ;” that is, congeniality in politics pieces porcelain and crockery together better than the best diamond cement. The sturdy Richard Avenel—who valued himself on American independence—held these ladies and gentlemen in an awe that was truly Brahminical. Whether it was that, in England, all notions, even of liberty, are mixed up historically, traditionally, socially, with that fine and subtle element of aristocracy which, like the press, is the air we breathe; or whether Richard imagined that he really became magnetically imbued with the virtues of these silver pennies and gold seven-shilling pieces, distinct from the vulgar coinage in popular use, it is hard to say. But the truth must be told—Richard Avenel was a notable tuft-hunter. He had a great longing to marry out of this society; but he had not yet seen any one sufficiently high-born and high-bred to satisfy his aspirations. In the mean while, he had convinced himself that his way would be smooth could he offer to make his ultimate choice “*My Lady* ;” and he felt that it would be a proud hour in his life when he could walk before stiff Colonel Pompley to the sound of “*Sir Richard*.” Still, however, disappointed at the ill success of his bluff diplomacy with Mr. Egerton, and however yet cherishing the most vindictive resentment against that individual—he did not, as many would have done, throw up his political convictions out of personal spite. He resolved still to favor the ungrateful and undeserving administration; and as Audley Egerton had acted on the representations of the mayor and deputies, and shaped his bill to meet their views, so Avenel and the government rose together in the popular estimation of the citizens of Screwestown.

But, duly to appreciate the value of Richard Avenel, and in just counterpoise to all his foibles, one ought to have seen what he had effected for the town. Well might he boast of “*new blood* ;” he had done as much for the town as he had for his fields. His energy, his quick comprehension of public utility, backed by his wealth, and bold, bullying, imperious character, had sped the work of civilization as if with the celerity and force of a steam-engine.

If the town were so well paved and so well lighted—if half a dozen squalid lanes had been

transformed into a stately street—if half the town no longer depended on tanks for their water—if the poor-rates were reduced one third—praise to the brisk new blood which Richard Avenel had infused into vestry and corporation. And his example itself was so contagious! “*There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it*,” said Richard Avenel; “*and now look down the High Street!*” He took the credit to himself, and justly; for, though his own business did not require windows of plate-glass, he had awakened the spirit of enterprise which adorns a whole city.

Mr. Avenel did not present Leonard to his friends for more than a fortnight. He allowed him to wear off his rust. He then gave a grand dinner, at which his nephew was formally introduced, and, to his great wrath and disappointment, never opened his lips. How could he, poor youth, when Miss Clarina Mowbray only talked upon high life; till proud Colonel Pompley went in state through the history of the siege of Seringapatam!

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Leonard accustoms himself gradually to the splendors that surround him, and often turns with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage, and the sparkling fount in the Italian's flowery garden, we will make with thee, O reader, a rapid flight to the metropolis, and drop ourselves amidst the gay groups that loiter along the dusty ground, or loll over the roadside palings of Hyde Park. The season is still at its height; but the short day of fashionable London life, which commences two hours after noon, is in its decline. The crowd in Rotten Row begins to thin. Near the statue of Achilles, and apart from all other loungers, a gentleman, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other resting on his cane, gazed listlessly on the horsemen and carriages in the brilliant ring. He was still in the prime of life, at the age when man is usually the most social—when the acquaintances of youth have ripened into friendship, and a personage of some rank and fortune has become a well-known feature in the mobile face of society. But though, when his contemporaries were boys scarce at college, this gentleman had blazed foremost amongst the princes of fashion, and though he had all the qualities of nature and circumstance which either retain fashion to the last, or exchange its false celebrity for a graver repute, he stood as a stranger in that throng of his countrymen. Beauties whirled by to the toilet—statesmen passed on to the senate—dandies took flight to the clubs; and neither nods nor becks, nor wreathed smiles, said to the solitary spectator, “*Follow us—thou art one of our set*.” Now and then, some middle-aged beau, nearing the post of the loiterer, turned round to look again; but the second glance seemed to dissipate the recognition of the first, and the beau silently continued his way.

“*By the tombs of my fathers!*” said the solitary to himself, “*I know now what a dead man might feel if he came to life again, and took a peep at the living*.”

Time passed on—the evening shades descended fast. Our stranger in London had well-nigh the Park to himself. He seemed to breathe more freely as he saw that the space was so clear.

“*There's oxygen in the atmosphere now*,” said he, half aloud; “*and I can walk without breathing in the gaseous fumes of the multitude*. O those chemists—what dolts they are! They tell us crowds taint the air, but they never guess why!

Pah, it is not the lungs that poison the element—it is the reek of bad hearts. When a periwig-pated fellow breathes on me, I swallow a mouthful of care. *Allons!* my friend Nero; now for a stroll." He touched with his cane a large Newfoundland dog, who lay stretched near his feet; and dog and man went slow through the growing twilight, and over the brown dry turf. At length our solitary paused, and threw himself on a bench under a tree. "Half-past eight!" said he, looking at his watch—"one may smoke one's cigar without shocking the world."

He took out his cigar-case, struck a light, and in another moment reclined at length on the bench—seemed absorbed in regarding the smoke that scarce colored ere it vanished into air.

"It is the most barefaced lie in the world, my Nero," said he addressing his dog, "this boasted liberty of man! Now here am I, a freeborn Englishman, a citizen of the world, caring—I often say to myself—caring not a jot for kaiser or mob; and yet I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my lord chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose. Yet no law in England forbids me my cigar, Nero! What is law at half-past eight, was not crime at six and a-half! Britannia says, 'Man, thou art free,' and she lies like a commonplace woman. O Nero, Nero! you enviable dog!—you serve but from liking. No thought of the world costs you one wag of the tail. Your big heart and true instinct suffice you for reason and law. You would want nothing to your felicity, if in these moments of ennui you would but smoke a cigar. Try it, Nero!—try it!" And, rising from his incumbent posture, he sought to force the end of the weed between the teeth of the dog.

While thus gravely engaged, two figures had approached the place. The one was a man who seemed weak and sickly. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the chin, but hung large on his shrunken breast. The other was a girl of about fourteen, on whose arm he leant heavily. Her cheek was wan, and there was a patient, sad look on her face, which seemed so settled that you would think she could never have known the mirthfulness of childhood.

"Pray rest here, papa," said the child softly; and she pointed to the bench, without taking heed of its pre-occupant, who now, indeed, confined to one corner of the seat, was almost hidden by the shadow of the tree.

The man sat down, with a feeble sigh; and then, observing the stranger, raised his hat, and said, in that tone of voice which betrays the usages of polished society "Forgive me, if I intrude on you, sir."

The stranger looked up from his dog, and seeing that the girl was standing, rose at once as if to make room for her on the bench.

But still the girl did not heed him. She hung over her father, and wiped his brow tenderly with a little kerchief which she took from her own neck for the purpose.

Nero, delighted to escape the cigar, had taken to some unwieldy curvets and gambols, to vent the excitement into which he had been thrown; and now returning, approached the bench with a low look of surprise, and sniffed at the intruders of his master's privacy.

"Come here, sir," said the master. "You need not fear him," he added, addressing himself to the girl.

But the girl, without turning round to him, cried in a voice rather of anguish than alarm, "He has fainted! Father! father!"

The stranger kicked aside his dog which was in the way, and loosened the poor man's stiff military stock. While thus charitably engaged, the moon broke out, and the light fell full on the pale, careworn face of the unconscious sufferer.

"This face seems not unfamiliar to me, though sadly changed," said the stranger to himself; and bending towards the girl, who had sunk on her knees, and was chafing her father's hands, he asked, "My child, what is your father's name?"

The child continued her task, too absorbed to answer.

The stranger put his hand on her shoulder, and repeated the question.

"Digby," answered the child, almost unconsciously; and as she spoke the man's senses began to return. In a few minutes more he had sufficiently recovered to falter forth his thanks to the stranger. But the last took his hand, and said, in a voice at once tremulous and soothing, "Is it possible that I see once more an old brother in arms? Algernon Digby, I do not forget you; but it seems England has forgotten."

A hectic flush spread over the soldier's face, and he looked away from the speaker as he answered—

"My name is Digby, it is true, sir; but I do not think we have met before. Come, Helen, I am well now—we will go home."

"Try and play with that great dog, my child," said the stranger—"I want to talk with your father."

The child bowed her submissive head, and moved away; but she did not play with the dog.

"I must reintroduce myself, formally, I see," quoth the stranger. "You were in the same regiment with myself, and my name is L'Estrange."

"My lord," said the soldier, rising, "forgive me that—"

"I don't think that it was the fashion to call me 'my lord' at the mess-table. Come, what has happened to you!—on half-pay?"

Mr. Digby shook his head mournfully.

"Digby, old fellow, can you lend me 100*l.*?" said Lord L'Estrange, clapping his *ci-devant* brother officer on the shoulder, and in a tone of voice that seemed like a boy's—so impudent was it, and devil-me-carish. "No! Well, that's lucky, for I can lend it to you."

Mr. Digby burst into tears.

Lord L'Estrange did not seem to observe the emotion. "We were both sad, extravagant fellows in our day," said he, "and I daresay that I borrowed of you pretty freely."

"Me! Oh, Lord L'Estrange!"

"You have married since then, and reformed, I suppose. Tell me, old friend, all about it."

Mr. Digby, who by this time had succeeded in restoring some calm to his shattered nerves, now rose, and said in brief sentences, but clear, firm tones—

"My lord, it is idle to talk of me—useless to help me. I am fast dying. But, my child there, my only child, (he paused an instant, and went on rapidly.) I have relations in a distant country, if I could but get to them—I think they would at least provide for her. This has been for weeks my hope, my dream, my prayer. I cannot afford the journey, except by your help. I have begged without shame for myself; shall I be ashamed, then, to beg for her?"

"Digby," said Lord L'Estrange, with some grave alteration of manner, "talk neither of dying, nor begging. You were nearer death when the balls whistled round you at Waterloo. If soldier meets soldier, and says, 'Friend, thy purse,' it is not begging, but brotherhood. Ashamed! By the soul of Belisarius! if I needed money, I would stand at a crossing with my Waterloo medal over my breast, and say to each sleek citizen I had helped to save from the sword of the Frenchman, 'It is your shame if I starve.' Now, lean upon me; I see you should be at home—which way?"

The poor soldier pointed his hand towards Oxford Street, and reluctantly accepted the proffered arm.

"And when you return from your relations, you will call on me! What!—hesitate! Come, promise."

"I will."

"On your honor."

"If I live, on my honor."

"I am staying at present at Knightsbridge, with my father; but you will always hear of my address at No. — Grosvenor Square, Mr. Egerton's. So you have a long journey before you?"

"Very long."

"Do not fatigue yourself—travel slowly. Ho, you foolish child!—I see you are jealous of me. Your father has another arm to spare you."

Thus talking, and getting but short answers, Lord L'Estrange continued to exhibit those whimsical peculiarities of character, which had obtained for him the repute of heartlessness in the world. Perhaps the reader may think the world was not in the right. But if ever the world does judge rightly of the character of a man who does not live for the world, nor talk for the world, nor feel with the world, it will be centuries after the soul of Harley L'Estrange has done with this planet

#### CHAPTER V.

LORD L'ESTRANGE parted company with Mr. Digby at the entrance of Oxford Street. The father and child there took a cabriolet. Mr. Digby directed the driver to go down the Edgeware Road. He refused to tell L'Estrange his address, and this with such evident pain, from the sores of pride, that L'Estrange could not press the point. Reminding the soldier of his promise to call, Harley thrust a pocket-book into his hand, and walked off hastily towards Grosvenor Square.

He reached Audley Egerton's door just as that gentleman was getting out of his carriage; and the two friends entered the house together.

"Does the nation take a nap to-night?" asked L'Estrange. "Poor old lady! She hears so much of her affairs, that she may well boast of her constitution: it must be of iron."

"The House is still sitting," answered Audley seriously, and with small heed of his friend's witticism. "But it is not a government motion, and the division will be late, so I came home; and if I had not found you here, I should have gone into the Park to look for you."

"Yes—one always knows where to find me at this hour, 9 o'clock p. m.—cigar—Hyde Park. There is not a man in England so regular in his habits."

Here the friends reached a drawing-room in which the member of Parliament seldom sat, for his private apartments were all on the ground-floor.

"But it is the strangest whim of yours, Harley," said he.

"What?"

"To affect detestation of ground-floors."

"Affect! O sophisticated man, of the earth, earthy! Affect!—nothing less natural to the human soul than a ground-floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many stairs as we will, without grovelling by preference."

"According to that symbolical view of the case," said Audley, "you should lodge in an attic."

"So I would, but that I abhor new slippers. As for hair-brushes, I am indifferent!"

"What have slippers and hair-brushes to do with attics?"

"Try! Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither slippers nor hair-brushes!"

"What shall I have done with them?"

"Shied them at cats!"

"What odd things you do say, Harley!"

"Odd! By Apollo and his nine spinners! there is no human being who has so little imagination as a distinguished member of Parliament. Answer me this, thou solemn right honorable—Hast thou climbed to the heights of august contemplation? Hast thou gazed on the stars with the rapt eye of song? Hast thou dreamed of a love known to the angels, or sought to seize in the Infinite the mystery of life?"

"Not I, indeed, my poor Harley."

"Then no wonder, poor Audley, that you cannot conjecture why he who makes his bed in the attic, disturbed by base caterwauls, shies his slippers at cats. Bring a chair into the balcony. Nero spoiled my cigar to-night. I am going to smoke now. You never smoke. You can look on the shrubs in the Square."

Audley slightly shrugged his shoulders, but he followed his friend's counsel and example, and brought his chair into the balcony. Nero came too, but at sight and smell of the cigar prudently retreated, and took refuge under the table.

"Audley Egerton, I want something from government."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"There was a cornet in my regiment, who would have done better not to have come into it. We were, for the most part of us, puppies and fops."

"You all fought well, however."

"Puppies and fops do fight well. Vanity and valor generally go together. Cæsar, who scratched his head with due care of his scanty curls, and, even in dying, thought of the folds of his toga; Walter Raleigh, who could not walk twenty yards, because of the gems in his shoes; Alcibiades, who lounged into the Agora with doves in his bosom, and an apple in his hand; Murat, bedizened in gold-lace and furs; and Demetrius, the City-Taker, who made himself like a French *Marquis*—were all pretty good fellows at fighting. A slovenly hero like Cromwell is a paradox in nature, and a marvel in history. But to return to my cornet. We were rich; he was poor. When the pot of clay swims down the stream with the brass-pots, it is sure of a smash. Men said Digby was stingy; I saw he was extravagant. But every one, I fear, would be rather thought stingy than poor. *Bref*.—I left the army, and saw him no more till to-night. There was never shabby poor gentleman on the stage more awfully shabby, more pathetically gentleman. But, look ye, this man has fought for



England. It was no child's play at Waterloo, let me tell you, Mr. Egerton; and, but for such men, you would be at best a *sous-prefet*, and your Parliament a Provincial Assembly. You must do something for Digby. What shall it be?"

"Why, really, my dear Harley, this man was no great friend of yours—eh?"

"If he were, he would not want the government to help him—he would not be ashamed of taking money from me."

"That is all very fine, Harley; but there are so many poor officers, and so little to give. It is the most difficult thing in the world that which you ask me. Indeed, I know nothing can be done: he has his halfpay?"

"I think not; or, if he has it, no doubt it all goes on his debts. That's nothing to us; the man and his child are starving."

"But if it is his own fault—if he has been imprudent?"

"Ah—well, well; where the devil is Nero?"

"I am so sorry I can't oblige you. If it were anything else—"

"There is something else. My valet—I can't turn him adrift—excellent fellow, but gets drunk now and then. Will you find him a place in the Stamp Office?"

"With pleasure."

"No, now I think of it—the man knows my ways; I must keep him. But my old wine-merchant—civil man, never dunned—is a bankrupt. I am under great obligations to him, and he has a very pretty daughter. Do you think you could thrust him into some small place in the colonies, or make him a king's messenger, or something of the sort?"

"If you very much wish it, no doubt I can."

"My dear Audley, I am but feeling my way; the fact is, I want something for myself."

"Ah, that indeed gives me pleasure!" cried Egerton, with animation.

"The mission to Florence will soon be vacant—I know it privately. The place would quite suit me. Pleasant city; the best figs in Italy—very little to do. You could sound Lord — on the subject."

"I will answer beforehand. Lord — would be enchanted to secure to the public service a man so accomplished as yourself, and the son of a peer like Lord Lansmere."

Harley L'Estrange sprang to his feet, and flung his cigar in the face of a stately policeman who was looking up at the balcony.

"Infamous and bloodless official!" cried Harley L'Estrange; "so you could provide for a pimple-nosed lackey—for a wine-merchant who has been poisoning the king's subjects with white-lead or sloe-juice—for an idle sybarite, who would complain of a crumpled rose-leaf; and nothing, in all the vast patronage of England, for a broken-down soldier, whose dauntless breast was her rampart!"

"Harley," said the member of Parliament, with his calm, sensible smile, "this would be a very good clap-trap at a small theatre; but there is nothing in which Parliament demands such rigid economy as the military branch of the public service; and no man for whom it is so hard to effect what we must plainly call a job as a subaltern officer, who has done nothing more than his duty—and all military men do that. Still, as you take it so earnestly, I will use what interest I can at the War Office, and get him, perhaps, the mastership of a barrack."

"You had better; for, if you do not, I swear I will turn radical, and come down to your own city to oppose you, with Hunt and Cobbett to canvass for me."

"I should be very glad to see you come into Parliament, even as a radical, and at my expense," said Audley, with great kindness. "But the air is growing cold, and you are not accustomed to our climate. Nay, if you are too poetic for catarrhs and rheums, I'm not—come in."

## CHAPTER VI.

LORD L'ESTRANGE threw himself on a sofa, and leant his cheek on his hand thoughtfully. Audley Egerton sat near him, with his arms folded, and gazed on his friend's face with a soft expression of aspect, which was very unusual to the firm outline of his handsome features. The two men were as dissimilar in person as the reader will have divined that they were in character. All about Egerton was so rigid, all about L'Estrange so easy. In every posture of Harley's there was the unconscious grace of a child. The very fashion of his garments showed his abhorrence of restraint. His clothes were wide and loose; his neckcloth, tied carelessly, left his throat half bare. You could see that he had lived much in warm and southern lands, and contracted a contempt for conventionalities; there was as little in his dress as in his talk of the formal precision of the north. He was three or four years younger than Audley, but he looked at least twelve years younger. In fact, he was one of those men to whom old age seems impossible—voice, look, figure, had all the charm of youth; and, perhaps it was from this gracious youthfulness—at all events, it was characteristic of the kind of love he inspired—that neither his parents, nor the few friends admitted into his intimacy, ever called him, in their habitual intercourse, by the name of his title. He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as "My Lord"—it was so rarely that he remembered it himself. For the rest, it had been said of him by a shrewd wit—"He is so natural that every one calls him affected." Harley L'Estrange was not so critically handsome as Audley Egerton; to a commonplace observer he was, at best, rather goodlooking than otherwise. But women said that he had "a beautiful countenance," and they were not wrong. He wore his hair, which was of a fair chestnut, long, and in loose curls; and, instead of the Englishman's whiskers, indulged in the foreigner's moustache. His complexion was delicate, though not effeminate; it was rather the delicacy of a student, than of a woman. But in his clear gray eye there was wonderful vigor of life. A skillful physiologist, looking only into that eye, would have recognized rare stamina of constitution—a nature so rich that, while easily disturbed, it would require all the effects of time, or all the fell combinations of passion and grief, to exhaust it. Even now, though so thoughtful, and even so sad, the rays of that eye were as concentrated and steadfast as the light of the diamond.

"You were only, then, in jest," said Audley, after a long silence, "when you spoke of this mission to Florence. You have still no idea of entering into public life."

"None."

"I had hoped better things when I got your

promise to pass one season in London. But, indeed, you have kept your promise to the ear to break it to the spirit. I could not presuppose that you would shun all society, and be as much of a hermit here as under the vines of Como."

"I have sat in the Strangers' Gallery, and heard your great speakers; I have been in the pit of the opera, and seen your fine ladies; I have walked your streets, I have lounged in your parks, and I say that I can't fall in love with a faded dowager, because she fills up her wrinkles with rouge."

"Of what dowager do you speak?" asked the matter-of-fact Audley.

"She has a great many titles. Some people call her fashion, you busy men, politics; it is all one—tricked out and artificial. I mean London life. No, I can't fall in love with her, fawning old harridan!"

"I wish you could fall in love with something."

"I wish I could, with all my heart."

"But you are so *blasé*."

"On the contrary, I am so fresh. Look out of the window—what do you see?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing but houses and dusty lilacs, my coachman dozing on his box, and two women in patters crossing the kennel."

"I see none of that where I lie on the sofa. I see but the stars. And I feel for them as I did when I was a schoolboy at Eton. It is you who are *blasé*, not I—enough of this. You do not forget my commission, with respect to the exile who has married into your brother's family!"

"No; but here you set me a task more difficult than that of saddling your cornet on the War Office."

"I know it is difficult, for the counter-influence is vigilant and strong; but, on the other hand, the enemy is so damnable a traitor that one must have the fates and the household gods on one's side."

"Nevertheless," said the practical Audley, bending over a book on the table, "I think that the best plan would be to attempt a compromise with the traitor."

"To judge of others by myself," answered Harley with spirit, "it were less bitter to put up with wrong than to palter with it for compensation. And such wrong! Compromise with the open foe—that may be done with honor; but with the perjured friend—that were to forgive the perjury!"

"You are too vindictive," said Egerton; "there may be excuses for the friend, which palliate even"—

"Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall think the world has indeed corrupted you. Excuse for the friend who deceives, who betrays! No, such is the true outlaw of Humanity; and the Furies surround him even while he sleeps in the temple."

The man of the world lifted his eyes slowly on the animated face of one still natural enough for the passions. He then once more returned to his book, and said, after a pause, "It is time you should marry, Harley."

"No," answered L'Estrange, with a smile at this sudden turn in the conversation—"not time yet; for my chief objection to that change in life is, that all the women now-a-days are too old for me, or I am too young for them. A few, indeed, are so infantine that one is ashamed to be their toy; but most are so knowing that one is a fool to be their dupe. The first, if they condescend to love you, love you as the biggest doll they have yet

dandled, and for a doll's good qualities—your pretty blue eyes, and your exquisite millinery. The last, if they prudently accept you, do so on algebraical principles; you are but the X or the Y that represents a certain aggregate of goods matrimonial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, diamonds, pin-money, opera-box. They cast you up with the help of mamma, and you wake some morning to find that *plus wife minus affection equals—the Devil!*"

"Nonsense," said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. "I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather for what he has, than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court."

"Of the woman I court?—No! But of the woman I marry, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almacks, or a lady in waiting."

"Yet most men marry, and most men survive the operation."

"If it were only necessary to live, that would be a consolatory and encouraging reflection. But to live with peace, to live with dignity, to live with freedom, to live in harmony with your thoughts, your habits, your aspirations—and this in the perpetual companionship of a person to whom you have given the power to wound your peace, to assail your dignity, to cripple your freedom, to jar on each thought and each habit, and bring you down to the meanest details of earth, when you invite her, poor soul, to soar to the spheres—that makes the to be, or not to be, which is the question."

"If I were you, Harley, I would do as I have heard the author of *Sanford and Merton* did—choose out a child and educate her yourself after your own heart."

"You have hit it," answered Harley seriously. "That has long been my idea—a very vague one, I confess. But I fear I shall be an old man before I find even the child."

"Ah!" he continued, yet more earnestly, while the whole character of his varying countenance changed again—"ah! if indeed I could discover what I seek—one who with the heart of a child has the mind of a woman; one who beholds in nature the variety, the charm, the never feverish, ever healthful excitement that others vainly seek in the bastard sentimentalities of a life false with artificial forms; one who can comprehend, as by intuition, the rich poetry with which creation is clothed—poetry so clear to the child when enraptured with the flower, or when wondering at the star! If on me such exquisite companionship were bestowed—why, then?" He paused, sighed deeply, and, covering his face with his hands, resumed, in faltering accents,—

"But once—but once only, did such vision of

the Beautiful made human rise before me—rise amidst 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' It beggared my life in vanishing. You know only—you only—how—how!"

He bowed his head, and the tears forced themselves through his clenched fingers.

"So long ago!" said Audley, sharing his friend's emotion. "Years so long and so weary, yet still thus tenacious of a mere boyish memory."

"A way with it, then!" cried Harley, springing to his feet, and with a laugh of strange merriment. "Your carriage still waits; set me home before you go to the House."

Then laying his hand lightly on his friend's shoulder, he said, "Is it for you, Audley Egerton, to speak sneeringly of boyish memories! What else is it that binds us together! What else warms my heart when I meet you! What else draws your thoughts from blue-books and beer-bills, to waste them on a vagrant like me! Shake hands. Oh, friend of my boyhood! recollect the oars that we plied and the bats that we wielded in the old time, or the murmured talk on the moss-grown bank, as we sat together, building in the summer air castles mightier than Windsor. Ah! they are strong ties, those boyish memories, believe me! I remember as if it were yesterday my translation of that lovely passage in Persius, beginning—let me see—ah!—"

*Quam primum pavidus custos mihi purpura cessit,*  
that passage on friendship which gushes out so livingly from the stern heart of the satirist. And when old ——— complimented me on my verses, my eye sought yours. Verily, I now say as then,  
*Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum.*"\*

\* "What was the star I know not, but certainly some star it was that attuned me unto thee."

A NOVEL kind of paper is stated to have been produced at the mills of a Kentish paper-maker. It contains a water-mark portrait of the queen, contrived, not as the ordinary water-mark in mere outline, hitherto used in bank-note and other paper, but so as to give the gradation of light and shade of an Indian ink drawing, such as is seen in the porcelain pictures introduced from Germany. It is the invention of Mr. Oldham, the engineer of the Bank of England; and as its production involves many difficulties, an opinion is entertained that it may form a valuable addition to bank-note paper for the prevention of forgery. The portrait is surrounded by an appropriate wreath in water-mark of the ordinary character, but executed in a superior style.—*Dover Telegraph*.

In Germany, the prospect of a reestablishment of the Diet under the joint auspices of Austria and Prussia appears more remote than ever. The only thing in which the German governments display unanimity and promptitude of action is in prosecuting the newspapers. In Vienna and Berlin the prosecutions appear to be distributed with laudable impartiality alike among the ministerial organs of the press and their opposites. The state of Cassel is deplorable. The Elector speaks and acts with a degree of brutality that almost looks like affectation! Not long ago, he rebuked the officers of a regiment for allowing the populace to cheer it when marching into town; and on being asked how that could be prevented, replied by ordering the men to strike the mouths of the mob with their muskets. His subjects, however, miss no opportunity of expressing their sentiments of regard.

Audley turned away his head as he returned the grasp of his friend's hand; and while Harley, with his light elastic footstep, descended the stairs, Egerton lingered behind, and there was no trace of the worldly man upon his countenance when he took his place in the carriage by his companion's side.

Two hours afterwards, weary cries of "Question, question!" "Divide, divide!" sank into reluctant silence as Audley Egerton rose to conclude the debate—the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches; a man who would be heard; whom a Bedlam broke loose would not have roared down; with a voice clear and sound as a bell, and a form as firmly set on the ground as a church-tower. And while, on the dullest of dull questions, Audley Egerton thus, not too lively himself, enforced attention, where was Harley L'Estrange! Standing alone by the river at Richmond, and murmuring low fantastic thoughts as he gazed on the moonlit tide.

When Audley left him at home he had joined his parents, made them gay with his careless gayety, seen the old-fashioned folks retire to rest, and then—while they, perhaps, deemed him once more the hero of ball-rooms and the cynosure of clubs—he drove slowly through the soft summer night, amidst the perfumes of many a garden and many a gleaming chestnut grove, with no other aim before him than to reach the loveliest margin of England's loveliest river, at the hour the moon was fullest and the song of the nightingale most sweet. And so eccentric a humorist was this man, that I believe, as he there loitered—no one near to cry "How affected!" or "How romantic!"—he enjoyed himself more than if he had been exchanging the politest "how-d'-ye-do's" in the hottest of London drawing-rooms, or betting his hundreds on the odd trick with Lord De R—— for his partner.

Thus, a jury was lately summoned at Fulda to try a man accused of having declared that "the Elector was not worth the rope that would hang him;" the jury found, by a majority of 9 to 3, that the man had uttered the words laid to his charge, and by a majority of 10 to 2, that he was "not guilty."—*Spectator*.

RECENT intelligence from Van Diemen's Land represents the state of that colony as becoming daily more intolerable. The convicts, it is said, were fast accumulating on the hands of government; merchants' stores were hired to hold the surplus convicts; and in the female factory at Hobart Town there were no fewer than seven hundred women—"so many she-tigers," remarks a correspondent. Yet we are informed that a convict-ship is actually getting ready at Woolwich to sail for Van Diemen's Land with more convicts.—*Spectator*.

THE last Indian mail brings news of an attack upon a party of British officers, and the murder of one of them, by the Arabs in the vicinity of Aden. Since that place was occupied by the British, the hostilities between them and the neighboring tribes have been almost unintermitted. Much might be said in behalf of the occupation of stations like Aden for the protection and refreshment of our mercantile marine in remote seas among barbarous countries; but all past experience seems to show, that such stations, when made on the main land, can only be retained at the expense of constant wars and extensions of territory.—*Spectator*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CLOISTER-LIFE OF THE EMPEROR  
CHARLES V.

[Concluded from No. 365.]

To be lodged in the monastic palace of Yuste was a distinction which Queen Mary of Hungary shared with one, and only one, of the visitors of her brother. The personage whom the imperial eremite delighted thus to honor was Francisco Borja, who a few years before had exchanged his dukedom of Gandia for the robe of the order Jesus. In his brilliant youth, this remarkable man had been the star and pride of the nobility of Spain. Heir of a great and wealthy house, which was a branch of the royal line of Aragon, and which had given two pontiffs to Rome, he was distinguished no less by the favor of the emperor than by the splendor of his birth, the graces of his person, and the endowments of his mind. Born to be a soldier and a courtier, he was also an accomplished scholar, and no inconsiderable statesman. He broke horses and trained hawks as well as the most expert master of the menage and the mews; he composed masses, which long kept their place in the cathedral-choirs of Spain; he was well versed in polite learning, and deeply read in the mathematics; he served in Africa and Italy with distinction; and as viceroy of Catalonia he displayed abilities for business and administration which in a few years would have enabled him to rival the fame of Mendoza and De Lannoy. The pleasures and the honors of the world, however, seemed, even from the first, to have but slender attraction for the man so rarely fitted to obtain them. In the midst of life and its triumphs, his thoughts perpetually turned upon death and its mysteries. Ever punctilious in the performance of his religious duties, he early began to take delight in spiritual contemplation, and to discipline his mind by self-imposed penance. Even in his favorite sport of falconry, he sought occasion for self-punishment by resolutely fixing his eyes on the ground at the moment when he knew that his best hawk was about to stoop upon the heron. These tendencies were fixed by an incident which followed the death of the Empress Isabella. As her master of the horse, it was Borja's duty to attend the body from Toledo to the chapel-royal of the cathedral of Granada, and to make oath of its identity ere it was laid in the grave. But when the coffin was opened, and the cerements drawn aside, the progress of decay was found to have been so rapid, that the mild and lovely face of Isabella could no longer be recognized by the most trusted and most faithful of her servants. His conscience would not allow him to swear that the mass of corruption thus disclosed was the remains of his royal mistress, but only that having watched day and night beside it, he felt convinced that it was the same form which he had seen wrapped in its shroud at Toledo. From that moment, in the twenty-ninth year of his prosperous life, he resolved to spend what remained to him in earnest preparation for eternity. A few years later, the death of his beautiful and excellent wife strengthened his purpose, and snapped the dearest tie which bound him to the world. Having completed the Jesuits' college at Gandia, their first establishment of that kind in Europe, and having married his son and his two daughters, he put his affairs in order, and retired into the young and still struggling society of Igna-

tius Loyola. In the year 1548, the thirty-eighth of his age, he ceased to be Duke of Gandia, and became Father Francis of the Company of Jesus.

Borja did not appear at Yuste as a chance or uninvited guest. Charles seems to have regarded him with an affection as strong as his cold nature was capable of entertaining. It was with no ordinary interest that he watched the career of the man whom alone he had chosen to make the confidant of his intended abdication, and who had unexpectedly forestalled him in the execution of the scheme. They were now in circumstances in some respects similar, in others widely different. Both had voluntarily descended from the eminence of their hereditary fortunes. Broken in health and spirits, the emperor had come to Yuste to rest and to die. The duke, on the other hand, in the full vigor of his age, had entered the humblest of the religious orders, to work out his salvation in a course of self-denial and toil, ending only in the grave. His career in the Company began with severe theological study, from which he passed to the pulpit and the professor's chair. As provincial of Aragon and Andalusia, he had been for some time laboring as a preacher and teacher in various cities of Spain; he had founded colleges at Plasencia and Seville; and he was now delivering lectures at Alcala, in the college which Jesuit energy soon raised to be the stately pile which still forms one of the most prominent ruins of that Palmyra of universities.

It seems to have been in the early spring of the year 1557, that the emperor determined to send for his old companion and counsellor. The message was conveyed to Alcala by a servant of the Count of Oropesa. Borja at first excused himself, pleading ill-health and the duties of his calling; and it was not until he had received a second summons, from the mouth of the Duke of Medina-Celi, that he consented to go to Yuste. On the way he was met by a messenger, bearing a letter from the regent Juana, which advised him that her father's object in seeking an interview was to persuade him to pass from the Company into the order of St. Jerome. He arrived at the monastery early in December, attended by two brothers of the order, Father Marcos, and Father Bartolomé Bustamante, the latter known to fame as a scholar, and as architect of the noble hospital of St. John Baptist at Toledo. The emperor not only paid his guest the unusual compliment of lodging him in his own quarters, but even busied himself in making preparations for his reception. To make his chamber as comfortable as conventual austerity would permit, Luis Quixada had hung it with some tapestry which remained in the meagre imperial wardrobe. But this his master, judging that it would rather offend than please the visitor, caused him to take down, supplying its place with some black cloth, of which he despoiled the walls of his own cell.

The royal recluse received the noble missionary with a cordiality which was more foreign to his nature than to his habits, but which on this occasion was probably sincere. Both had withdrawn themselves from the pomps and vanities of life; but, custom being stronger than reason or faith, their greeting was as ceremonious as if it had been exchanged beneath the canopy of state at Augsburg or Valladolid. Not only did the Jesuit, lapsing into the ways of the grandee, kneel to kiss the hand of Charles, but he even insisted on remaining upon his knees during the interview. Charles, who addressed him as duke, of course



frequently entreated him to rise and be seated, but in vain. "I humbly beg your majesty," said he "to suffer me to continue kneeling; for I feel," he added, in a spirit of extravagant loyalty, "as if, in the presence of your majesty, I were in the presence of God himself."

Being aware of his host's intentions with regard to himself and his habit, he anticipated them by asking permission to give an account of his life since he made religious profession, and of the reasons which had led him to join the Jesuits,— "of which matters," he said, "I will speak to your majesty as I would speak to my Maker, who knows that all that I am going to say is true." Leave being granted, he narrated, at great length, how, being resolved to enter a monastic order, he had prayed, and caused many masses to be said, for God's guidance in making his choice; how, at first, he inclined to the rule of St. Francis, but found that, whenever his thoughts went in that direction, he was seized with an unaccountable melancholy; how he turned his eyes to the other orders, one after another, and always with the same gloomy result; how, on the contrary, when it at last occurred to him to join the Company, the Lord had filled his soul with peace and joy; how it frequently happened in the great orders that churchmen arrived at higher honors in this life than if they had remained in the world, a chance which he desired by all means to shun, and which was hardly offered in a recent and humble fraternity, still in the furnace of trial through which the others had long ago passed; how the Company, by embracing in its scheme the active as well as the contemplative life, provided for the spiritual welfare of men of the most opposite characters, and of each man in the various stages of his mental being; and, lastly, how he had submitted these reasons to several grave and holy fathers of the other orders, and had received their approval and blessing before he took the vows which for ten years had been the hope and consolation of his life.

The emperor listened to this long narrative with attention, and expressed his satisfaction at hearing his friend's history from his own lips. "For," said he, "I felt great surprise when I received at Augsburg your letter from Rome, notifying the choice you had made of a religious brotherhood. And I still think that a man of your weight ought to have entered an order which had been approved by age rather than this new one, in which no white hairs are found, and which besides, in some quarters, bears but an indifferent reputation." To this Borja replied, that in all institutions, even in Christianity itself, the purest piety and the noblest zeal were to be found near the source; that had he been aware of any evil in the Company, he would never have joined, or he would already have quitted it; and that, in the matter of white hairs, though it was hard to expect that the children should be old while the parent was still young, even these were not wanting, as might be seen in his companion, the Father Bustamante. That ecclesiastic, who had begun his novitiate at the age of sixty, was accordingly called into the presence. The emperor at once recognized him as a priest who had been sent to his court at Naples, soon after the campaign of Tunis, charged with an important mission by Cardinal Tavera, primate of Spain.

Three hours of discourse with these able, earnest, and practised champions of Jesuitism appear to have had their natural influence on the mind of

Charles. He hated innovation with the hate of a king, a devotee, and an old man; and having fought for forty years a losing battle against the reform of the terrible monk of Saxony, he looked with suspicion even upon the great orthodox movement, led by the soldier of Guipuzcoa. The infant Company, although, or perhaps because, in favor at the Vatican, had gained no footing in the imperial court; and as its fame grew, the prelates around the throne, sons or friends of the ancient orders, were more likely to remind their master that its general had been once admonished by the holy office of Toledo, than to dwell on his piety and eloquence, or the splendid success of his missions in the East. But from his ancient servant and brother in arms, in the quiet shades of Yuste, Charles heard a different tale, which seems to have changed his feelings towards the Jesuits, from distrust and dislike, to approval and friendly regard.

Sometimes the talk of the emperor and his guest was of old times, and of their former selves. "Do you remember," said Charles, "how I told you in 1542, at Monçon," during the holding of the Cortes of Aragon, "of my intention of abdicating the throne? I spoke of it to only one person besides." The Jesuit replied that he had kept the secret truly, but that now he hoped he might mention the mark of confidence with which he had been honored. "Yes," said Charles; "now that the thing is done, you may say what you will."

One of the emperor's most curious and interesting revelations to Borja, was the fact, that he had composed memoirs of a part of his reign. He asked if the father thought that a man's writing an account of his own actions savored too much of vanity; and said that he had drawn up a notice of his various campaigns and travels, not with any view to vain-glory, but in order that the truth might be known; for he had observed in the works of the historians of his time, that they were led into error as much by ignorance as by passion and prejudice. What judgment Borja delivered upon this case of conscience does not appear. Nor is the fate of the memoirs known. But the work cannot have been large, having been composed to beguile time spent in sailing down the Rhine from Mayence. Van Male, to whose letters we owe our knowledge of this fact, and who was employed to translate his master's French into Latin, praises the terseness and elegance of the style. This translation was spoken of, in 1560, by Ruscelli, in a letter addressed to Philip II., as soon to be published; and Brantome wonders why so excellent a speculation could have been neglected by the book-sellers. It is plain, therefore, that Borja is not to be blamed for the loss, if they are indeed lost, of the precious commentaries of the Cæsar of Castile. And, indeed, though a saint, and an advocate for the mortification of all worldly desires, he was hardly capable of advising the imperial author to put his manuscript in one of his Flemish fireplaces. The stern ascetic had not quite cast off, or, at least, on occasion he could reassume, the ways and language of the insinuating chamberlain. To one of the devout queries of the emperor, he replied in a style of courtly gallantry, which sounds strange in the mouth of the friend of Francis Xavier, and would have done honor to a later Jesuit, who labored in the vineyard of Versailles. Narrating the course of his penances and prayers, Charles asked him whether he could sleep with his clothes on; "for, I must confess," added he, contritely, "that my infirmities, which prevent me from doing many

things of the kind that I would gladly do, render this penance impossible in my case." Borja, who practised every kind of self-punishment, and had in early life in one year fasted down a cubit of his girth, eluded the question by an answer, which was perhaps as remarkable for modesty as for dexterity. "Your majesty," said he, "cannot sleep in your clothes, because you have watched so many nights in mail. Let us thank God that you have done more service by keeping those vigils in arms, than many a cloistered monk who sleeps in his hair-shirt."

The new allegiance of the Jesuit did not permit him to spare more than three days to his old master. Duty required him once more to take his staff in his hand, and proceed on his visitation of the rising schools and colleges of the Company. While at Yuste he had been treated with marked distinction. Not only did his host arrange the upholstery of his apartment, but he sent him each day the most approved dish from his own table, the only part of his establishment which was somewhat removed from conventual meagreness. The honored guest set forth to Valladolid, with the pleasing impression that he left regrets behind him; and he likewise carried away two hundred ducats for alms, which Luis Quixada had been directed to force upon his acceptance. "It is a small sum," said the mayordomo; "but in comparison with the present revenues of my lord the emperor, it is the largest bounty which he ever bestowed at one time."

John III., King of Portugal, dying on the 11th of June, 1557, state or family affairs required Charles to send a trusty messenger to his sister, the widowed Queen Catherine. He immediately bethought him of his cousin and counsellor, the Jesuit, whose order had early gained the ear of the deceased monarch, and who himself enjoyed the friendship and confidence of all that remained of the house of Avis. Borja received the summons at S. Juanes, where he had founded a small establishment, and whither he loved to escape from the court of Valladolid, to unstinted penance and prayer. The sun of July had begun to scorch the naked plains of the Duero, and the good father was in poor health. Nevertheless, he repaired to Yuste and received his instructions; and then, scorning repose in the cool woodlands, at once took the road to Portugal across the charred wastes of Estremadura. This haste, and the heat, threw him into a fever, of which he nearly died in the city of Evora; and when once more able to resume his journey, he was nearly lost, in a squall, in crossing the Tagus to Lisbon. His mission accomplished, he eluded the nursing of the queen and the Cardinal Henry, and hurried back to Yuste, where he probably arrived early in September.

The usual gracious reception awaited him. The nature of his business in Portugal has not been recorded by his biographers. But he seems to have conducted it to the emperor's satisfaction. It was on this occasion, or the last, that Charles returned certain letters addressed to him, by Father Francis, on the politics and politicians of the day, and written at his request, and on condition of close secrecy. "You may be sure," said he, on restoring them, "that no one but I have seen them." The confidence thus reposed in the judgment and observation of the Jesuit, by the shrewdest prince of the age, shows how keenly the things of earth may be scanned by eyes which seem wholly fixed on heaven.

The emperor likewise told him of a dispute

between two nobles, which had been referred to him for decision, and on which he desired his opinion, because he probably knew on whose side the right lay. The dispute was about a title to certain lands, and the parties were Borja's son, Charles, then Duke of Gandia, and Don Alonso de Cardona, Admiral of Aragon. Thus appealed to, the father behaved with that stoical indifference to the voice of blood which somewhat shocked his lay admirers, and commanded the loud applause of his reverend biographers. "I know not," he said, "whose cause is the just one; but I pray your majesty not only not to allow the admiral to be wronged, but to show him all the favor compatible with equity." On the emperor's expressing some not unnatural surprise, this Cato of the Company offered the very poor explanation of his request, that, perhaps, the admiral needed the disputed lands more than the duke, and that it was good to assist the necessitous.

Borja paid a fourth and last visit in the following year, 1558, to the monastery. He was sent for by the emperor for the benefit of his spiritual counsels, possibly after he had been attacked by his closing illness; for within a few days after the minister's return to Valladolid, tidings reached the court that the invalid was no more. During his brief sojourn at Yuste, his holy conversation and example awakened the religious zeal of Magdalena de Ulloa, the wife of the mayordomo, Quixada. The good seed thus chance-sown by the wayside sprang up in after years, bearing abundant fruit for the Company in the three colleges founded and endowed by that devout lady at Villagarcia, Santander, and Oviedo. Almost a century after his visits, the fame of the third general of the Jesuits lingered in the country around Yuste. In 1650, the centenarian of Guijo, a neighboring village, used to tell how he had seen the emperor and the Count of Oropesa on the road to Xarandilla, and to point out a great tree, under which they had partaken of a repast, and he, a child, had been permitted to pick up the crumbs. But of the individual impressions left on his memory by that remarkable group, none had endured for the third generation, except "the meek and penitent face of him they called the saintly duke—*el duque santo*."

In such occupations, and in such companionship, noiselessly glided away the cloister-life of Charles V. The benefit which his health had reaped from the fine air of Yuste was but transient. It began to decline rapidly in the spring of 1558, after the death of Queen Eleanor, to whom he was tenderly attached. He caused funeral rites to be performed in her honor, in the church of the monastery, with all the pomp of light and music that the brotherhood could command. Indeed, funeral services were, in some sort, the festivals of his lugubrious life; for, whenever he received intelligence of the death of a prince of the blood, or a knight of the Golden Fleece, he caused his obsequies to be celebrated by the Jeronites. He was also very mindful of the souls of his deceased friends, and the masses which were offered up, day by day, for himself, were preceded by some for his father, his mother, and his wife.

As his infirmities increased, his prayers grew longer, and his penances more severe. He wrapped his emaciated body in hair-cloth, and flogged it with scourges, which were afterwards found in his cell, stained with his blood. Restless and sleepless, he would roam, ghostlike, through the corridors of the convent, and call up the drowsy monks for

the midnight services of the church. Once he was asked by a sluggish novice, whose slumbers he had broken, why he could not be satisfied with turning the world upside down, but must also disturb the peace and rest which it was reported he had come to seek at Yuste.

From all secular things and persons he kept entirely aloof. Of the events then passing in the world, nothing stirred his curiosity or his interest but the ruthless crusade against heresy, led by Cardinal Valdés, the fiercest inquisitor since the days of Torquemada. For the great northern Reformation had made itself felt, though with feeble and transient effect, even in Spain—as the Lisbon earthquake troubled the waters of the Lochomond. Strange questions were stirred in the schools of Alcalá and Salamanca; new doctrines were taught from the pulpits of Seville and Valladolid; wood-clad wolves were said to lurk even in the folds of St. Francis and St. Dominic; and Lutheran traders ran casks of heretical tracts upon the shores of the bay of Cadiz. Amongst the persons arrested at Valladolid was Dr. Augustus Cazalla, canon of Salamanca, who had been one of the emperor's preachers, and as such had resided, from 1546 to 1552, at the imperial court in Germany. Though he had distinguished himself in the land of the Reformation by sermons against its doctrines, and had returned to Spain with untarnished orthodoxy, he was accused not only of being infected with Lutheran principles, but of having "dogmatized," as the inquisition happily called preaching, in a conventicle at Valladolid. Charles was much moved when he heard of this arrest—not with pity for the probable fate of the man, but with horror of his crime. "Father," said he to the prior, "if there be anything which could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising heretics. For such creatures as these, however, this is not necessary; but I have written to the inquisition to burn them all, for none of them will ever become true Catholics, or are worthy to live." This recommendation, seldom neglected, was exactly observed in the case of the poor chaplain. Denying the offence of dogmatizing, he confessed having held heretical opinions, and offered to abjure them. Nevertheless he was "relaxed," or, in secular speech, burnt, with thirteen companions, at Valladolid, in the presence of the princess-regent and her court.

A more illustrious victim of the holy office was Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, canon of Seville, and famous both as a pulpit orator and as author of several theological works, which were much esteemed in Italy as well as Spain. He, too, had attended the emperor in Germany as his preacher and almoner. For him, Charles seemed to entertain more respect; for, upon hearing that he had been committed to the castle of Triana, he remarked, "If Constantine is a heretic, he will prove a great one." The canon's "merits," for so the inquisition, with a sort of grim humor, called the acts or opinions which qualified a man for the stake, were certain heretical treatises in his handwriting, which had been dug with his other papers out of a wall. Confessing to the proscribed doctrines, but refusing to name his disciples, he was thrown into a dungeon, damp and noisome as Jeremiah's pit, far below the level of the Guadaluquivir, where a dysentery soon delivered him from his chains. "Yet did not his body," says the historian\* of Spanish literature, writing several

ages after, with all the bitterness of a contemporary, "for this escape the avenging flames." His bones, and a carefully modelled effigy of him, with outstretched arms, as he charmed the crowd from the pulpits of Seville, figured at the *auto-da-fé*, which, in 1560, illuminated the burning-place, the *quemadero*, of that city. Another sufferer there, Fray Domingo de Guzman, was also known to the emperor. His arrest, however, merely drew from him the contemptuous remark, that Fray Domingo might have been shut up as much for idiocy as for heresy.

In looking back on the religious troubles of his reign, Charles bitterly regretted that he did not put Luther to death when he was in his power. He had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word, which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect, had the offences of Luther merely concerned his own authority; but he now saw that he had erred, in preferring the obligation of his promise to the greater duty of avenging upon that arch-heretic his offences against God. Had Luther been removed, he conceived the plague might have been stayed; now, it was going on from bad to worse. He had some consolation, however, in recollecting how steadily he refused to hear the points at issue argued in his presence. At this price he had declined to purchase the support of some of the Protestant princes of the empire, when marching against the Duke of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse; he had declined it even when flying, with only ten horsemen, before the army of Duke Maurice. He knew how dangerous it was, especially for those who, like himself, had little learning, to parley with heretics, who were armed with reasons so apt and so well ordered. Suppose one of their arguments had been planted in his soul; how did he know that he could ever have got it rooted out? So have many better men, of every form of faith, learned to look upon their belief as something external to themselves, to be kept hid away in the dark, lest, like ice, it should melt in the free air and light of heaven.

The grave was now in all his thoughts. One morning, his barber, a malapert of the old comedies, ventured to ask him what he was thinking of. "I am thinking," replied Charles, "that I have here a sum of two thousand crowns, which I cannot employ better than in performing my funeral." "Do not let that trouble your majesty," rejoined the fellow; "if you die and we live, we will take care to bury you with all honors." "You do not perceive, Nicolas," said the emperor, rather pursuing his own train of thought than replying to the barber, "that it makes a difference in a man's walking, if he holds the light before or behind him." The same opinion had been held by a bishop of Liege, Cardinal Erard de la Mark, whom Charles must have known, and whose example, perhaps, suggested the idea. For many years before 1528, the year of his death, did this prelate rehearse his obsequies, annually carrying his coffin to the tomb which he had prepared for himself in his cathedral.

Before deciding on the step, however, the emperor determined to submit the question to his confessor, Fray Juan de Regla. They had just been hearing the service for the souls of his parents and his wife. Speaking of such rites in general, he asked the friar if they were most effectual when performed before, or when performed after, death. Fray Juan, after due deliberation, gave his verdict in favor of solemnities which preceded decease.

\* Nicolas Antonio.

"Then," said the emperor, "I will have my funeral performed while I am still alive."

Accordingly, this celebrated service took place next day, being the 30th of August, 1558. So short a time being allowed for the preparations, they cannot have severely drained the bag of dollars, which Nicolas the barber wished to reserve for other purposes. A wooden monument, however, was erected in the chapel in front of the high altar; the ornaments of the convent were brought out and arranged to the best advantage, and the whole was illuminated with a blaze of wax-lights. The household of the emperor, all in deep mourning, attended; and thither Luis Quixada brought Don Juan, from his sports in the forest, to learn his first lesson of the vanity of human greatness. "The pious monarch himself," says the historian of the Jeronites, "was there, in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." And when the solemn mass for the defunct was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng, and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, and the incense, and the glittering altar—the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas of Titian, which pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansion.

When the dirge was sung, and the ceremonies over, and Charles had, as it were, come back for a little while to life, he told his confessor that he felt the better for being buried. Of a scene which might well have shaken the nerves of the boldest hunter on the Sierra, he said, next day, that it had filled his soul with joy and consolation that seemed to react upon his body. That evening he caused to be brought, from the repository where his few valuables were kept, a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, in its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord praying in the Garden; and, after long gazing, passed from that to a Last Judgment, by Titian. Perhaps this was a sketch or small copy of the great altar-piece, or it may be that he turned to the original itself, which could be seen by opening the window, through which his bedchamber commanded a view of the altar. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of this masterpiece, to the noble art which he loved with a love that years, and cares, and sickness, could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. He remained so long abstracted and motionless, that the physician, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and said, "I feel myself ill." The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. He was seated at the moment in the open gallery, to the west of his apartments, into which the sinking sun poured his tempered splendor through the boughs of the great walnut-tree. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

His old enemy, the gout, had not troubled him for several days. The disorder with which he was now attacked was a tertian fever, likewise a malady familiar to his shattered frame. The fits now were of unusual violence, the cold fit lasting twice as long as the hot. His physician twice attempted to relieve him by bleeding, but the operation seemed rather to augment than allay the violence of the disease. Being sensible that his hour was come, and wishing to add a codicil to his will, he despatched a messenger to Valladolid, to the regent Juana, requiring an authorization for his secretary Gaztelu to act as a notary for the purpose. The princess, seeing the imminence of the danger, along with the authorization, instantly sent off her physician, Cornelio, to Yuste, while she herself prepared to follow. It is possible that she also sent Father Borja, to pay a last visit of consolation to his friend.

The emperor had made his will at Brussels, on the 6th of June, 1554. The codicil is dated at Yuste, the 9th of September, 1558. From the great length of this document, its minuteness, and the frequent recurrence of provisions in case of his death before he should see his son, an event which now was beyond hope, it seems to have been prepared some time before. But as it must have been read to him before his trembling hand affixed the necessary signature, it remains as a proof that one of his last acts was to urge Philip II., by his love and allegiance, and his hope of salvation, to take care that "the heretics were repressed and chastised, with all publicity and rigor, as their faults deserved, without respect of persons, and without regard to any plea in their favor." The rest of the paper is filled with directions for his funeral, and with a list of legacies to forty-eight servants, and many thoughtful arrangements for the comfort of those who had followed him from Flanders. Though willing to send all his Protestant subjects to martyrdom, he watched, with fatherly kindness, over the fortunes of his grooms and scullions. It is said that Fray Juan de Regla proposed that Don Juan of Austria should be named in his will as next heir to the crown after Philip, his sister, and his children; but if this incredible advice were given by the confessor, the dying man had energy enough left to reject it with indignation.

Day by day the tide of life continued to ebb with visible fall. The sick man, however, was still able to attend to his devotions, to confess, and to receive the sacrament. He would not allow his confessor, Regla, to be absent from his bedside, and the poor man, who could hardly find a moment for his repasts, was nearly worn out with incessant watching. On every Sunday and feast day, at half past three in the afternoon, the chaplain, Vilalva, preached in the church, the window of the sick room being left open, and the doors being shut to all but the friars. The patient, likewise, frequently caused passages of Scripture to be read to him, and was never weary of hearing the psalm which begins, *Domine! refugium factum es nobis*. On the 19th of September, towards evening, the patient asked for the rite of extreme unction. By the desire of the prior, Luis Quixada, who was ever at his pillow, inquired whether he would have it administered according to the form for friars, or after the briefer fashion of the laity. He chose the former, in which the seven penitential psalms were read, as well as a litany and sundry prayers and verses of Scripture. During the reading of the psalms, it was observed that he joined in the



responses of the monks with an audible voice. When the ceremony was over, instead of being exhausted, he seemed to have been revived by it. His appetite for food having entirely failed him for some days, Quixada seized the opportunity of urging him to take some. "Trouble me not, Luis Quixada," said he; "my life is going out of me, and I cannot eat." The next morning, the 20th, he asked for the eucharist. His confessor told him that, having received extreme unction, the other sacrament was unnecessary. "It may not be necessary," said the dying man; "yet it is good company on so long a journey." His wish was accordingly complied with; the wafer was brought to his bedside, followed by the whole community in solemn procession, and he received it from the hands of his confessor with tears of devotion, incessantly repeating the words of our Saviour, "*In me manes, ego in te maneam.*" In spite of his extreme weakness, he remained for a quarter of an hour kneeling in his bed, and uttering devout ejaculations in praise of the blessed sacrament, which the simple friars attributed to divine inspiration.

On the evening of the 19th of September, a remarkable visitor knocked at the gate of Yuste. It was the new Archbishop of Toledo, Bartolomé Carranza de Miranda—a name which stands high on the list of the Wolseys of the world, of men remembered less for their splendid success than for their signal fall. From a simple Dominican, he had risen to be a professor at Valladolid, a leading doctor of Trent, prior of Palencia, provincial of Spain, and prime adviser of Philip II. in that movement which Spanish churchmen loved to call the reduction of England. During Mary's reign, the ruthless black friar had been a mark for popular vengeance; and Oxford, Cambridge, and Lambeth, long remembered how he had preached the sacrifice of the mass, dug up the bones of Bucer, and presided at the burning of Cranmer. For these services he had been rewarded by Philip II. with the richest see in Christendom; and he was now on his way to take possession of the throne of Toledo, little thinking that his enemy, the inquisitor Valdes, was already preparing the indictment which was to make his reign a long disgrace.

The archbishop was expected at Yuste. He had been long known to the emperor, who had paved the way for his success, by sending him to display his lore at the Council of Trent. Charles had afterwards offered him the Peruvian bishopric of Cuzco, the post of confessor to the heir-apparent of Spain, and lastly the bishopric of the Canaries. His refusal of all these pieces of preferment caused his patron some surprise, which was changed into displeasure by his acceptance of the see of Toledo. Reports had also got abroad, which cast a doubt on the orthodoxy of the new prelate—of all doubts, as Charles thought, the gravest. He was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him, partly, it seems, to upbraid him with his new honors, and partly in order to ascertain how far these reports were well founded. William, one of his barbers, related that he had heard his majesty say, "When I gave Carranza the bishopric of the Canaries, he refused it; now he accepts Toledo. We shall see what we are to think of his virtue." In this frame of mind, he had been expecting the unconscious prelate for some time; these feelings of dislike being, no doubt, strengthened by his confessor, Father Regla, a bitter enemy, and one of the foremost accusers of Carranza.

There can be no doubt that the ruin of this celebrated man was decreed on evidence which would have been listened to only by a secret tribunal of unscrupulous enemies. It may be that some of his printed theology contained—what theology does not!—passages capable of interpretations neither intended nor foreseen by the writer; it may be that he had pillaged the writings of reformers, whose persons he would willingly have given to the flames. But it is certain that he was a man of unambitious nature, of active benevolence, and, according to the notions of that age, of exemplary life; that he was a scholar and theologian of practised and consummate skill, a wary shepherd of the faithful, a relentless butcher of heretics; that he carried his reluctance to the mitre so far beyond the bounds of decent clerical coyness, as to recommend three eminent rivals to Philip II., as more fit and proper than himself for the primacy; and that one of his first acts, as archbishop, was to advise the king to appropriate the revenues of a canonry in every cathedral in Spain to the use of the inquisition. Setting aside, therefore, the palpable personal hatred which betrayed itself in all the proceedings against him, it seems probable that he spoke the plain truth, when he made his dying declaration, that he had never held any of the heretical opinions of which he had been accused.

In after days, when enduring the sickness of deferred hope in his prison at Valladolid or at Rome, the archbishop perhaps regarded it as one of the mischances which marked the ebb of his fortunes, that he reached Yuste too late either to explain to the emperor the circumstances of his promotion, or to remove the suspicion which had been cast on his faith. On the evening of his arrival, Charles was too ill to receive him, and the day following, although he was thrice admitted into the sick room, he found occasion to utter only a few words. Those words, few and simple as they were, were some weeks after reported to the Holy Office, with, as it seems, gross exaggeration, by the confessor, Father Regla.

On the 20th of September, it was evident that the end was approaching. The few friends of the emperor who lived in the neighborhood assembled at the convent. The Count of Oropeza was there from Xarandilla, with several of the family of Toledo, and Don Luis de Avila had come from Plasencia. They, and the prior and some of the monks, were frequently in the sick-room, in which Quixada kept constant watch. The patient had hardly spoken during the whole day. In the afternoon, when Oropeza introduced the archbishop, he merely told him to be seated, but was unable to hold any conversation. Towards night he grew hourly worse. The physicians, Mathesio and Cornelio, at last announced to the group around the bed, that the resources of their art were exhausted, and that all hope was over. Cornelio, the court doctor from Valladolid, then retired; Mathesio remained, feeling the pulse of the dying man, and saying at intervals, "His majesty has only two hours to live—only one hour—only half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious of what was going on around him, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At last he roused himself, and pronounced the name of William Van Male. On the man's coming to his support, he leaned towards him, as if to obtain ease by a change of posture; at the same time uttering a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to

the archbishop, who was standing there in the shade, "*Domine! jam moritur.*" The prelate approached, and knelt down by the bed, holding a crucifix in his hand, and saying in a loud tone, "Behold him who answers for sin; sin is no more; all is forgiven!" Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse, disagreeable voice. On hearing it, the emperor gave signs of impatience so distinct, that the faithful Quixada thought it right to interfere and say, "Hark, my lord, you are disturbing his majesty." The archbishop took the hint, and retired.

It was near two o'clock on the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's-day. Fray Francisco de Villalva, the favorite chaplain, now presented himself at the bed-side. Addressing the dying man, he told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the day of St. Matthias, the apostle who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the day of St. Matthew the evangelist, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time he continued to hold forth in the same edifying strain. At length, Charles, rousing himself, said, "The time is come, bring me the candle and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which before had been taken from the dead hand of his mother Juana, in the convent of Tor-desillas, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son Philip, in the convent of the Escorial. When brought by the attendant, he turned eagerly to receive them; and, taking one into each hand, he remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed upon the figure of the Saviour. Those who stood nearest the bed then heard him say, quickly, as if replying to a sudden call, "*Ya voy, Señor—Now, Lord, I go.*" A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; and then, with a voice loud and clear enough to be heard in the other apartments, he cried three times, "*Ay, Jesus!*" and expired.

In or near the chamber of death were assembled the prior and the chaplains, and the household; the Count of Oropesa, his brother Don Francisco, his cousin Don Juan Pacheco, and his uncle Diego abbot of Cabañas, Don Luis de Avila, and Archbishop Carranza. Don Juan of Austria, too, in the quality of page to Quixada, stood by the death-bed of him he was afterwards so proud to call his sire.

On the day of the death, and part of the day following, the physicians and attendants were engaged in embalming the body, and arranging it for the grave. Meanwhile, a leaden coffin was prepared, and likewise a massive outer case of chestnut wood, and a black velvet pall to cover the whole. Sandoval had heard, but gave no credit to the story, of the coffin which the emperor was said to have brought with him to Yuste, and to have kept under his bed. Another version of the tale, he says, made the coffin a winding-sheet but no mention of either was found in the minute account drawn up by the prior Angulo. When all was ready, the coffin was lowered, by ten or twelve men, through the window which opened from the bed-chamber into the church, and placed upon a stage erected in the middle of the aisle. These preparations were hardly completed, when the corregidor of Plasencia arrived with his clerks and constables, and asserted

that, as the emperor had died within his jurisdiction, it was his duty to see that the remains had been deposited in a place of safety. In spite, therefore, of the remonstrances of the prior, he caused the coffins to be opened, that he might identify the body.

The solemn funeral services, or the honors, as they were called, were commenced the next day, Tuesday, the 27th of October. They were an expansion of the rites in which the emperor had himself taken part a few weeks before, and they lasted for three days. Mass was said each day by the Archbishop of Toledo, the prior of Yuste assisting as deacon, and the prior of Granada as sub-deacon amongst the tears of the whole brotherhood. Funeral sermons were also preached, on the first day by the eloquent Villalva; on the second, by the prior of Granada; and on the third, by the prior of Yuste. The imperial dust was then committed to the earth. "Let my sepulture," said the will of Charles, "be so ordered, that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before, the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and breast." But the clergy present being divided in opinion as to the lawfulness of placing under the high altar a corpse not in the odor of sanctity, the matter was compromised by laying the coffin in a cavity made in the wall behind, so that it encroached only on a small portion of the holy ground.

Funeral honors also took place, in the presence of the regent and her court, in the beautiful church of the royal Benedictines at Valladolid. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Francisco Borja, from the text, "*Ecce longavi fugiens et mansi in solitudine.*"—"Lo! then would I wander afar off, and remain in the wilderness." (Psalm lv. 7.)\* It was filled with praise of the emperor for his pious magnanimity in taking leave of the world before the world had taken leave of him—praise which, from the mouth of a Jesuit who had once been a wealthy grandee, must have savored somewhat of self-glorification. Amongst other edifying reminiscences of his friend, Borja told his hearers that he had it from the lips of the deceased, that never, since he was one-and-twenty years old, had he failed to set apart some portion each day for inward prayer.

Brussell excelled all the other cities of the Austrian dominion in the splendor with which she did honor to the emperor's memory. The ceremonies took place on the 29th and 30th of December. The procession, in which King Philip walked, attended by the Dukes of Savoy and Brunswick, and a host of the nobility of Spain, Germany, and the Netherlands, was two hours in passing from the palace to the church of St. Gudule. Its principal feature was a huge galley, large enough for marine service, placed on a cunningly devised sea, which answered the double purpose of supporting some isles, emblematic of the Indies, and of concealing the power which rolled the huge structure along. Faith, Hope, and Charity, were the crew of this enchanted bark; and her sides were hung with twelve paintings of Charles' principal exploits, which were further set forth in golden letter-press on the black satin sails. A long line of horses followed, each led by two gentlemen, and bearing on its housings the blazon of one of the states of the emperor. They were led up the aisle of the

\* Psalm liv. 7. The Vulgate Psalm liv. is our Psalm lv.

church past the altar, and the seats occupied by the order of the Golden Fleece. As the last horse, covered with a black foot-cloth, went by, the Count of Bossu, one of the knights, the early playmate and dear friend of the emperor, threw himself on his knees, and remained for some time prostrated on the pavement in an agony of grief.

The chapel of Yuste was merely a temporary resting-place of the royal dead. In his will the emperor had confided the care of his bones to his son, expressing a wish, however, to be laid beside his wife and his father in the cathedral of Granada, in that splendid chapel-royal, rich with the tombs and trophies of Ferdinand and Isabella. Philip, however, shivering in the rear of St. Quentin, had already vowed to St. Lawrence, the great monastery which it was his after-delight to make the chief monument of the power and the piety of the house of Hapsburg. At the Escorial, therefore, he united the bones of his father and mother, and placed them, on the 4th of February, 1574, in a vault beneath the jasper shrine, which yet contains their fine effigies, wrought in bronze by Leoni. The occasion was marked by one of those terrific storms, sent, as the monks supposed, by the devil, "in the hope of overthrowing that fortress of piety." A grand arch of timber, erected at the door of the church, was blown away, and its hangings of rich brocades, rent into minute shreds, were scattered far and wide over the surrounding chase. Eighty years later, the repose of the emperor was once more broken by his great-grandson, Philip IV. For thirty-three years that prince was engaged in building the celebrated Pantheon, begun by his father, Philip III. On the 16th March, 1654, the dust of the Austrian kings of Spain and of their consorts who had continued the line, was translated from the plain of Philip II. to this splendid sepulchral chamber, which gleamed, in the light of a thousand tapers, with its marble and jasper and gold, like a creation of oriental romance. Each coffin was borne by three nobles and three Jeromite friars; the procession being headed by that of Charles V., carried by Don Luis de Haro, the Duke of Abrantes, and the Marquess of Aytona. As the remains were to be deposited in a marble sarcophagus, it became necessary to remove the previous coverings, which enabled Philip IV. to come face to face with his great ancestor. The body of the emperor was found to be quite entire. After looking at it for some minutes in silence, the king turned to Haro, and said, "Honored body, Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister;—words, brief indeed, but very pregnant; for the prior of the Escorial has left it recorded, "that they condensed all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion."

Charles did not leave the world without some of those portents in which the men of that age loved to trace the influence of a remarkable death upon the operations of nature. A comet appeared over the monastery at the beginning of his last illness, and was seen no more after the night on which he died. In the spring of 1558, a lily in his garden, beneath his windows, bore two buds, of which one flowered and withered in due course, but the other remained a bud through the summer and autumn, to the great astonishment of the gardener and the friars. But on the night of the 21st of September, it burst into full bloom, an emblem of the whiteness of the parting spirit, and of the sure and certain hope of its reception into bliss. It was reverently gathered, and fastened upon the black veil which

covered the sacramental shrine in the church. In the week following the grand obsequies, a pied bird, large as a vulture, but of a kind unknown at Yuste, perched at night on the roof of the church, exactly over the imperial grave, and disturbed the friars by barking like a dog. For five successive nights it barked there in the clear moonlight, always at the same hour, and always arriving from the east, and flying away towards the west. And four years later, a holy Capuchin of the New World, Fray Luis Mendez, as he knelt in his convent-chapel at Guatemala, was blessed with a vision, wherein he saw the emperor before the judgment-seat of our Lord, making his defence against the accusing demons, with so much success, that he received honorable acquittal, and was in the end carried off to heaven by the angels of light.

The codicil of the will of Charles, the only part of the document which belongs to his life at Yuste, is drawn up with a minuteness of detail very characteristic of the careful habits of the man. After a profession of attachment to the church, and hatred of heresy, and after the directions for his burial which have been already noticed, he proceeds to describe a monument and an altar-piece which he wished to be erected in the church of the convent, in the event of Yuste being chosen by his son for the final resting-place of his bones. The altar-piece was to be of alabaster, a copy in relief of Titian's picture of the "Last Judgment," the picture on which he was gazing at the moment when he first felt the touch of death. A custodia, or sacramental tabernacle, was likewise to be made of alabaster and marble, and placed between statues of himself and the empress. They were to be sculptured, kneeling with hands clasped as in prayer, barefoot, and with uncovered heads, and clad in sheets like penitents. For further particulars, he referred the king to Luis Quijada, and the confessor Regla, who were fully instructed in his meaning and wishes. In case of the removal of his body, instead of the altar-piece and monument, the convent was to receive a picture for their altar, of such kind as the king shall appoint. In compliance with this desire, Philip presented the monks with a copy of Titian's "Judgment," which adorned their high altar until the suppression of the convents, in 1823, when it was carried off to the parish church of Texeda.

The emperor next expresses his concern at hearing that the pensions which he had granted to the servants whom he had dismissed at Xarandilla, had been very ill-paid, and he entreats the king to order their punctual payment for the future. He directs that the friars of Yuste and the friars from other convents, who had been specially employed in his service, as readers, preachers, and musicians, shall receive such gratuities as shall appear sufficient to Father Regla and Quijada. To the confessor himself he bequeaths an annual pension of four hundred ducats (about 80*l.* sterling,) and four hundred ducats in legacy. Of Luis Quijada he twice speaks in the most affectionate terms, acknowledging his long and good service, and his willing fidelity in incurring the expense and inconvenience of removing his wife and household to Yuste. Lamenting that he has done so little to promote his interest, he earnestly recommends him to the king's favor, and, with a legacy of 2000 ducats, he leaves him a pension to the value of his present appointment, (without mentioning the sum,) until he is provided with a place of greater emolument. He also desires that the Infanta will cause

the amount of fines recovered by his attorney, or that might be recovered in cases still pending against the poachers and rioters of Quacos, to be paid into the hands of a person named by the executors for distribution amongst the poor of the village. The contents of his larder and cellar, and his stores of provisions in general, at the day of his decease, and likewise the dispensary, with its drugs and vessels, he leaves to the brotherhood of Yuste, and to the poor any money which may remain in his coffers after defraying the wages of his servants.

These are all mentioned by name, and for the most part receive pensions, except a few to whom small gratuities are given, it being explained that previous provision has been made for them. The pensions range from four hundred florins, (32*l.* sterling,) conferred on the doctor, Enrique Matheo, to ninety florins, which requite the services of Isabel Plantin, the laundress of the table-linen. The gratuities vary from 150,000 maravedis, (about 45*l.* sterling,) left to the secretary Gaztelu, to 7500, given to Jorge de Diana, a boy employed in the workshop of Torriano. That mechanician, being already pensioned to the amount of 200 crowns, receives only 15,000 maravedis; he is likewise reminded that he has been paid something to account on the price of a clock which is in hand, and for which his employer is content that the executors shall pay a fair valuation.

These sums were all to be paid at Valladolid. After the funeral service was ended, therefore, on the 29th of October, when the Count of Oropesa and the other neighbors returned to their homes, and the archbishop took the road to Toledo, most of the household of the emperor were also ready to depart. Only three Flemings remained behind for a few days to bring up the rear with the heavy baggage. Within about a fortnight after the death of Charles, the Jeromites of Yuste were again alone among the yellow October woods, and the convent relapsed into its ancient obscurity, never more to be remembered, except as the cell of the imperial recluse.

So ended the career of Charles V., the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth poured into his coffers by the New World, the energy and sagacity of his mind, and the important crisis of the world's history, in which he acted, have combined to make him more famous than any of the successors of Charlemagne. The admiration which was raised by the great events of his reign, was sustained to the last by the unwonted manner of its close. In our days, abdication has been so frequently the refuge of weak men fallen on evil times, or the last shift of baffled bad men, that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation which must have been produced by the retirement of Charles. Now that the "divinity which doth hedge a king" has decayed into a bowing wall and a tottering fence, it is almost impossible to look upon the solemn ceremony which was enacted at Brussels, with the feeling and the eyes of the sixteenth century. The act of the emperor was not, indeed, a thing altogether unheard of, but it was known only in books, and belonged, as the Spaniard used to say, to the days of King Wamba. The knights of the Fleece who wept on the platform around their Cæsar, knew little more about Diocletian than was known by the farmers and clothiers who elbowed each other in the crowd below. It was only some studious monk who was

aware that a Theodosius and an Isaac had submitted their heads to the razor to save their necks from the bowstring; that a Lothaire had led a hermit's life in the Ardennes; that a Carloman had milked the ewes of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. The retirement of Charles, therefore, was fitted to strike the imagination of men by the novelty of the occasion, by the solemnity of its circumstances, by the splendor of the resigned crown, and by the world-wide fame with which it had been worn.

There can be no doubt that the emperor gave the true reasons of his act, when, panting for breath, and unable to stand alone, he told the states of Flanders that he resigned the government because it was a burden which his shattered frame could no longer bear. It was to no sudden impulse, however, that he yielded; but he calmly fulfilled a resolve which he had cherished for many years. Indeed, he seems to have determined to abdicate, almost at the time when he determined to reign. For so powerful a mind has rarely been so tardy in giving evidence of power. Until he appeared in Italy, in 1530, the thirtieth year of his age, his strong will had been as wax in the hands of other men. Up to that time the most laborious, reserved, and inflexible of princes was the most docile subject of his ministers. But if his mind was slow to ripen, his body was no less premature in its decay. By nature and hereditary habit a keen sportsman, and in youth unwearied in tracking the wolf and the bear over the hills of Toledo and Granada, he was reduced, ere he had turned fifty, to content himself with shooting crows and daws amongst the trees of his gardens. Familiarized by feeble health with images of death, he had determined twenty years before his abdication to interpose some interval of rest between the council and the grave. He had agreed with his empress, who died in 1538, that as soon as the state affairs and the age of their children should permit, they should retire into religious seclusion; he into a cloister of friars, and she into a nunnery. In 1542, he spoke of his design to the Duke of Gandia; and in 1546 it was whispered at court, and was mentioned by the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a despatch to the Doge. Since then, decaying health and declining fortune had maintained him in that general vexation of spirit which he shared with king Solomon. His later schemes of conquest and policy had resulted in disaster and disgrace. The Pope, the great Turk, the Protestant princes, and the King of France were once more arrayed against the potentate, who in the bright morning of his career had imposed laws upon them all. The flight from Innsbruck had avenged the cause which seemed lost at Muhlberg; Guise and the gallant townsmen of Metz had enabled the French wits to turn the emperor's proud motto, *Plus ultra*, into *Non ultra metas*. Whilst the Protestant faith was spreading even in the dominions of the house of Hapsburg, the doctors of the church, assembled in that council which had cost so much treasure and intrigue, continued to quibble, for the sole benefit of the tavern-keepers of Trent. The finances both of Spain and the other Austrian states were in the utmost disorder, and the lord of Mexico and Peru had been forced to borrow from the Duke of Florence. It is no wonder, therefore, that he seized the first gleam of sunshine and returning calm to make for the long-desired harbor of refuge; and that he relieved his brow of its thorny crowns as soon as he had attained an object dear to him as a father, a



politician, and a devotee, by placing his son Philip on the rival throne of the heretic Tudors.

His habits and turn of mind, as well as his Spanish blood, and the spirit of his age, made a convent the natural place of his retreat. Monachism seems to have had for him the charm, vague, yet powerful, which soldiery has for most boys; and he was ever fond of catching glimpses of the life which he had resolved, sooner or later, to embrace. When the empress died, he retired to indulge his grief in the cloisters of La Sisa, at Toledo. After his return from one of his African campaigns, he paid a visit to the noble convent of Mejorada, near Olmedo, and spent two days in familiar converse with the Benedictines, sharing their refectory fare, and walking for hours in their garden alleys of venerable cypress. When he held his court at Brussels, he was frequently a guest at the convent of Groenendaël; and the monks commemorated his condescensions, as well as his skill as a marksman, by placing a bronze statue of him on the banks of their fish-pond, into which he had brought down a heron, from an amazing altitude, with his gun. Though unable at Yuste to indulge the love of sport, which may have had its influence in drawing him to the chestnut woods of the Vera, we have seen that he continued to the last to take his pleasure in the converse and companionship of the Jeronimites.

In the cloister, Charles was no less popular than he had been in the world; for, in spite of his feeble health and phlegmatic temperament, in spite of his caution, which amounted to distrust, and his selfishness, which frequently took the form of treachery, in spite of his love of power, and the unsparring severity with which he punished the assertion of popular rights, there was still that in his conduct and bearing which gained the favor of the multitude. A little book, of no literary value, but frequently printed both in French and Flemish, sufficiently indicates in its title the qualities which colored the popular view of his character. "The Life and Actions, Heroic and Pleasant, of the invincible Emperor Charles V." was long a favorite chap-book in the Low Countries. It relates how he defeated Solymán the magnificent, and how he permitted a Wallloon boor to obtain judgment against him for the value of a sheep, killed by the wheels of his coach; how he charged the Moorish horsemen at Tunis; and how he jested inecognito with the woodmen of Soigne. A similar impression, deepened by his reputation for sanctity, he seems to have left behind him amongst the sylvan hamlets of Estremadura.

In one point alone did Charles in the cell differ widely from Charles on the throne. In the world, fanaticism had not been one of his vices; he feared the keys no more than his cousin of England; and he confronted the successor of St. Peter no less boldly than he made head against the heir of St. Louis. When he held Clement VII. prisoner in Rome, he permitted at Madrid the mockery of masses for that pontiff's speedy deliverance. Against the Protestants he fought rather as rebels than as heretics; and he frequently stayed the hand of the triumphant zealots of the church. At Wittenberg, he set a fine example of moderation, in forbidding the destruction of the tomb of Luther—saying that he contended with the living, and not with the dead. But once within the walls of Yuste, and he assumed all the passions, and prejudices, and superstitions of a friar. Looking back on his past life, he thanked God for the evil that he had done in the matter of religious persecution, and

repented him, in sackcloth and ashes, of having kept his plighted word to a heretic. Religion was the enchanted ground whereon that strong will was paralyzed, and that keen intellect fell grovelling in the dust. Protestant and philosophic historians love to relate how Charles, finding that no two of his time-pieces could be made to go alike, remarked that he had perhaps erred in spending so much blood and treasure in the hope of compelling men to uniformity in the more difficult matter of religion. We fear that the anecdote must have been invented by some manufacturer of libels or panegyrics, such as Sleidan and Jovius, whom Charles was wont to call his liars. No remark of equal wisdom can be brought home to the lips of the Spanish Diocletian; nor was the philosophy "of him who walked in the Salonian garden's noble shade" ever heard amongst the litanies and the scourges which resounded through the cloisters of Yuste.

To those who have perused this brief record of the recluse and his little court, it may be agreeable to know the subsequent fortunes of the personages who acted upon that miniature stage.

Queen Mary of Hungary died at Cigales on the 28th of October, 1558, four weeks after the death of her brother. So passed away, in the same year, and within a few months of one another, the royal group who landed at Laredo.

From Yuste, Luis Quixada and his wife returned to their house at Villagarcía, near Valladolid, taking Don Juan with them. When Philip II. arrived in Spain, in 1559, he received his brother and his guardian at the neighboring convent of San Pedro de la Espina. They afterwards followed the court to Madrid, where Quixada had an opportunity of signalizing his devotion to his master's son, by rescuing him from a fire, which burnt down their house in the night, before he attended to the safety of Doña Magdalena. This, and his other services, were not neglected by the king, who made him master of the horse to the heir-apparent, and president of the Council of the Indies, and gave him several commanderies in the order of Calatrava. When Don Juan was sent to command against the Moriscos, whom Christian persecution and bad faith had driven to revolt in the Alpuxarras the old mayordomo went with him as a military tutor. They were reconnoitring the strong mountain fortress of Seron, when a bold sally from the place threw the Castilians into disorder bordering on flight, in the course of which a bullet from an infidel gun finished the campaigns of the comrade of Charles V. He fell, shot through the shoulder, by the side of his pupil; and he died of the wound at Canilles, on the 25th of February, 1570, in the arms of his wife, who had hurried from Madrid to nurse him. Don Juan buried him with military honors, and mourned for him as for a father.

The good Doña Magdalena retired to Villagarcía, and employed her childless widowhood in works of charity and piety, in prayers for the soul of her husband, and for the success of her darling young prince. For the latter she also engaged in work of a more practical and secular kind; for the hero of Lepanto wore no linen but what was wrought by her loving hands. His sad and early death severed her chief tie to the world, and left religion no rival in her heart. The companions of Francis Borja, who had first kindled the holy flames of her devotion at Yuste, became her guides and counsellors; and she built and endowed no less than three Jesuit colleges at Villagarcía, Santander, and Oviedo.

Her life of gentle and blameless enthusiasm ended in 1598, when she was laid beside her lord in the collegiate church of Villagarcia. Amongst the relics of that temple, two crucifixes were held in peculiar veneration—one being that which she had pressed to her dying lips, the other a trophy rescued by Luis Quijada from a church burned by the Moors in the war of the Alpujarras.

William Van Male, the gentle and literary chamberlain, returned to Flanders, with a slender annual pension of 150 florins, which was to be reduced one half on his becoming keeper of the palace at Brussels, an office of which the king had given him the reversion. He died in 1560, and was buried in the church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, where his widow, Hippolyta Reynen, was laid by his side in 1579.

Father Borja continued to teach and to travel with unflinching zeal. Soon after preaching the emperor's funeral sermon, he was again in Portugal, visiting the colleges at Evora, Coimbra, and Braga, and aiding in the foundation of the college of Porto. Called to Rome by Pope Pius IV., to advise on affairs of the church, he was twice chosen vicar-general of the Company; and finally, in 1565, he received the staff of Loyola. During his rule of seven years, the order lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes in every part of the world, and in every condition of mankind. Its astute politicians gained the ear of princes and prelates who had hitherto been cold, or adverse; its colleges rose amid the snows of Poland and the forests of Peru; Barbary, Florida, and Brazil, were watered with the blood of its martyrs; and its ministers of mercy moved amongst the roar of battle, on the bastions of Malta and the decks at Lepanto. The general of this great army visited his native Spain for the last time in 1571, when he was sent by Pope Pius V. to fan the anti-Turkish flame in the bosom of Philip II., and to add a morsel of the true cross to the relics of the Escorial. Of the offers to build houses for the Company, which now poured in, the last that he accepted was Doña Magdalena de Ulloa's college of Villagarcia, thus finding, after many days, the bread which he had cast upon the waters at Yuste. From Spain, he went to preach the crusade at the courts of Portugal and France—an arduous journey, which proved fruitful of royal caresses, but fatal to his enfeebled frame. Falling ill by the way, he had barely strength to reach Rome to die. In the year 1572, the sixty-second of his age, he was laid beside his companions in toil and glory, and his predecessors in power, Loyola and Laynez.

From the Tribune.

DEATH OF DR. SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON.—We have from Philadelphia the melancholy intelligence of the death of Dr. SAM'L GEO. MORTON, of that city, one of the brightest ornaments of our age and country. He expired on Thursday evening last, after a brief but severe illness of three days. Probably no scientific man in America enjoyed a higher reputation among scholars, throughout the world, than Dr. Morton. In medicine he early received the highest honors of the Universities of Pennsylvania and of Edinburgh; and in his professional career earned a success which is rarely equalled, but never surpassed.

"His claims to distinction in this capacity," says *The American*, "were proved by his well-known work on Consumption, and by other valuable publications, as well as by his lectures at the Philadelphia Hospital, Pennsylvania College, and other medical institutions with which he was at different times connected. He was for thirty years a member of the

Academy of Natural Sciences, and for many years its president; and, what is more, with the additional incumbency of this scientific participation, he found time also to produce those great works, the *Crania Americana* and *Crania Egyptiaca*, which immediately placed him in the front rank of archaeologists and ethnographers throughout the world."

Dr. Morton's Museum of Crania, the basis of his principal work, is the largest in the world, and is the great feature in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in which it is deposited. It was collected at the private expense and by the individual exertions of Dr. Morton, whose zeal in scientific research was not less to be admired than his cool judgment, clear discrimination, and deference for the opinions and feelings of others. "In France," said the late lamented Dr. Prichard, "where scientific men have long been devoted, under the patronage of the government, to researches on this subject; in England, possessed of her immense advantages of wealth and intercourse; in the academies of Italy and Germany; in all of these, and with all their advantages, nothing has been done which equals the results of Dr. Morton's unaided labors, in a world which we call new." The impetus which he gave to this branch of science has been felt in Russia, where the emperor has founded in St. Petersburg a National Museum, which can only hope to equal that of our lamented countryman.

Wherever science has her votaries, the news of Dr. Morton's death will carry pain. We trust that his friends and co-laborers of the Philadelphia Academy will lose no time in presenting to the world a comprehensive sketch of his life and services. He has built his own monument.

#### TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE.

ALICE, Alice, little Alice,  
My new-christened baby Alice!

Can there ever rhyme be found  
To express my wishes for thee  
In a silvery flowing, worthy  
Of that silvery sound?  
Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice!  
Sure that sweetest name must be  
A true omen to thee, Alice,  
Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
Mayst thou prove a golden chalice  
Filled with holiness, like wine;  
With rich blessings running o'er,  
Yet replenished evermore  
From a fount divine!  
Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
When this future comes to thee,  
In thy young life's brimming chalice  
Keep some drops of balm for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
Mayst thou grow up a fair palace,  
Fittingly framed from roof to floor,  
Pure unto the very centre,  
While high thoughts like angels enter  
At the open door.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
When this goodly sight I see,  
In thy woman-heart's rich palace  
Keep one nook of love for me!

Alice, Alice, little Alice,  
Sure the verse falls out of malice  
To the thoughts it feebly bears;  
And thy name's sweet echoes, ranging  
From quaint rhyme to rhyme, are changing  
Unto voiceless prayers.  
God be with thee, little Alice!  
Of his bounteousness, may he  
Fill the chalice, build the palace,  
Here—unto eternity!

November 25, 1850.

From the Spectator.

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE.\*

HARTLEY COLERIDGE was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; and was born at Clevedon, near Bristol, in 1796. Shortly after his birth, his father removed to Keswick; and here or at Ambleside Hartley spent the greater part of his childhood and boyhood. He early displayed a subtlety of thought that seemed to promise the taste and faculty for metaphysical inquiries, which were his father's most prominent characteristics; while, on the other hand, Wordsworth addressed to him, when six years old, an exquisitely beautiful poem, painting him as a child in whom the imaginative and emotional were even then developed to such a degree as to excite the mingled hopes and fears of the almost prophetic bard. Actually, the most striking trait of his boyhood was the excess in which he possessed the faculty of invention; so that he may be said literally to have lived in a world of his own creation. At school, tale-telling was more his serious occupation than his occasional amusement. His brother, Derwent, the writer of his life, records of him—

His achievement, if I may so express myself, as a story-teller, was unique. It was not by a series of tales, but by one continuous tale regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, that he enchained the attention of his auditors, night after night, as we lay in bed, (for the time and place, as well as the manner in which he carried on his witchery, might have been adopted from Scheherazade,) for a space of years, and not unfrequently for hours together. This enormous romance, far exceeding in length, I should suppose, the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story, with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a final catastrophe and conclusion. Whether in the sense of Aristotle it could be said to have had a beginning, a middle, and an end—whether there was a perfect consistency and subordination of parts—I will not trust my recollection to decide. There was certainly a great variety of persons sharply characterized, who appeared on the stage in combination, and not merely in succession. In the conception of these, my impression is that very considerable power was evinced. He spoke without hesitation, in language as vivid as it was flowing.

It would have been strange if a boy who was the son of Coleridge, the nephew of Southey, and the frequent guest of Wordsworth, Wilson, and the other men of genius who congregated in the neighborhood of our English lakes, had not early felt within him poetic stirrings, and tried to shape them into verse. It is in accordance too with all experience, that the power of improvisation described above should have failed the young poet when he ventured on written composition, and that, like all mortals, he had to acquire the use of his tools by effort and practice. His solid education meanwhile had not been neglected; and though his reading was somewhat desultory, it was none the worse for that, as tending to awaken and expand his tastes and sympathies, while the illustrious men with

whom he spent so much of his time were at hand to guide, correct, and enlighten. His poetical training may be said to have been completed by familiarity "with town's-folk and country-folk of every degree;" by a habit even then strong upon him of lonely wandering, not, we may be sure, unenlivened by reflection and observation; and by the romantic scenery which was ever before his eye, and moulding his plastic nature to the perception and the love of beauty. The sequel of this charming tale is melancholy in the extreme; seldom has brighter morning been followed by murkier, sadder noon. He was sent to Oxford at the usual age; and, though scarcely any details of his university career are given, we are led to infer that he gave way to a habit of intoxication to such a degree, that, after being elected probationary Fellow of Oriel, it was found impossible to avoid depriving him of his fellowship at the close of his probationary year. After a vain attempt, or rather intention of attempt, to support himself in London by literature, and a subsequent failure to keep a school at Ambleside, he seems to have given himself up to inactivity and despair, and to have passed the remainder of his life, which was extended to fifty years, on the banks of Grasmere, occupying or rather amusing himself by reading and occasionally writing for magazines. During that period, he published, in 1833, a small volume of poems, now making up with his *Memoir* the first of the volumes we are reviewing; a volume of biographies, which were generally admired, and are to be republished; and edited a single-volume edition of Massinger and Ford. These, with the poems now contained in the second volume before us, constitute the whole written product of thirty years. A life so meagre in incident, so unproductive of great visible results, could only have been written effectively by telling the whole truth, tenderly indeed, and with loving, pitying sympathy for the man, but still fearlessly, and with the detail and accuracy of a scientific exposition. If there was a struggle and a manful resistance to temptation, it ought to have been shown, and some account given of the peculiar attraction in the bait, or the peculiar weakness of the individual, which ended in the fatal and complete ruin of poor Hartley's fortunes and character. If, on the other hand, his character was so deplorably weak that he fell at once irrecoverably, this fact would have its special interest to a philosophic inquirer. As Mr. Derwent Coleridge has written the life, Hartley's fall is a mystery, only to be partially accounted for by surmises of inherited organic weakness, to which his education had applied no preventive remedy. Surely there are men living who were Hartley Coleridge's contemporaries at Oxford, and who could have told Derwent something of the process by which the kinsman of poets and philosophers sank from one depth of degradation to another, still retaining his fine powers of mind and noble qualities, till he realized the line of the ancient satirist—

*Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.*

Surely, too, that after-life of thirty years, when he was the favorite and boon companion of half Cumberland and Westmoreland, must have been richer in anecdote and remembered talk than the meagre pages before us would lead us to infer. Had Derwent Coleridge not stood on his clerical purity, and shrunk from soiling the whiteness of his neckcloth by the company of publicans and

\* Poems, by Hartley Coleridge. With a *Memoir* of his Life, by his Brother. Two volumes. Published by Moxon.

Essays and Marginalia, by Hartley Coleridge. Two volumes. Published by Moxon.

sinners, he would have produced a work of far more literary ability and of far profounder interest. He might have given to it something of that deep pathos which Hogarth reaches by blending traits of loveliness and purity with scenes of filth, riot, and debauchery. But besides being a clergyman and having strict notions of what is due to his cloth, he labors under another disadvantage, of having only once seen his brother in the interval from his settling at Grasmere till the illness that preceded his death. Of this period we have consequently no detail; and the life of a man like Hartley Coleridge is all detail, and can only be told properly by those who are in the habit of constant free intercourse with him. This defect would not have been felt had Derwent substituted for a regular biography a series of his brother's letters, with connecting links of narrative. This, with a plain statement of his mode of life, extenuating nought nor putting down aught in malice, would, we are quite sure, have produced upon the reader much more the effect which the real man produced upon all who knew him—a tender regard, in which admiration and affection were touchingly blended with pity and regret. The letters that are given do more, in our opinion, to sustain Hartley's reputation for talent and humor than his poems. We quote one written to Derwent in 1821.

Do not think yourself obliged to me for this letter, though I intend it for a very kind one. Don't be frightened, now—I've no more intention of begging a favor than conferring one. I'm not going to dun you nor to give you good advice; yet, after all, I can't pretend to draw a bill upon your gratitude, for I have several motives for writing that take precedence of that old-fashioned one—kindness to you. You must know, then, that I do not, in the course of the day, talk half as much nonsense as my health requires; in consequence whereof, so great an accumulation of that substance takes place upon my brain that the vessels occasionally discharge their contents in my most serious conversation—nay, in my gravest compositions. This truly mortifying accident occurred on the day whereon we parted, in the course of a very interesting discourse on capital punishment. \* \* \* I am thoroughly convinced there is nothing so wholesome for mind and body as talking nonsense. Writing it is not half so good; it's like sending sal volatile by the wagon with the cork out; but, situated as we are, what can one do better? Nonsense, however, should never be written except to one's very intimate friends—good folks, whose careful memories can supply the proper looks and tones, and whose imaginations can restore our stalest good things to their original freshness. Even a pun does not look well on paper; it's so like deliberate villany; and then its orthographical imperfections are so open to the gaze of a censorious world. A lie is still worse—without the solemn face, it is mere vapid impudence. But a funny thing—that son and heir of laughter—which never grows old, and might be as good a hundred years hence as at the moment of utterance—alas, alas! pen and ink are its destruction. Woful it is to reflect, that of all the wonders that you and I and the Maum\* have produced in that way—not one can be of the slightest benefit to posterity. The words, indeed, may be handed down from generation to generation, like relic bones and sacred nail-parings of the saints (most of whom, by the way, never pared their nails at all;) but—*οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν ἔργον*—they will work no miracles. The wine will be drawn and the bare lees be left this vault to boast of. Two things, therefore, must the world despair of enjoying—a printed collection of our *FUNNY THINGS*, and a polyglott edition

of Joe Miller; the latter, by general confession, incomprehensible to all but John Bull, and the former to all but our own single two selves—like the ladies' coronation-tickets, not transferable. This is a pity; but what remedy? Let them be like the Druidical mysteries—*quæ literis tradere nefas*. We shall never forget them. I don't know how it is, but I can never laugh at anything but what is exquisitely bad, and, to appearance at least, purely accidental. Indeed, a premeditated funny thing is worse than a premeditated piece of sensibility. Wit to me is hardly ever laughable, because it is an exertion of the faculties; and humor, true humor, is too nearly connected with thought. I may laugh at it at first hearing, or so long as it has the effect of surprise; but if it will bear thinking of, I cannot recur to it whenever my sides want a shaking. Few persons, I believe, enjoy the humorous more than myself; and the higher the humor the greater is my delight; but, as far as the mere excitement of the risible muscles is concerned, the coarsest drollery will answer just as well. I never laugh now at Hogarth, or Fielding, or Cervantes, or if I do it is at their meanest jokes, unless in sympathy with others. But at our old funny things I can laugh by myself for an hour together; nay, they furnish me with a reservoir of laughter for all needful occasions. If ever any of those jokes "which must be laughed at" are obtruded upon me, I have but to recall the image of you kicking about the stone in my aunt's court, and complaining "how you *did* hurt yourself," (I can hardly write for thinking of it,) and I gratify the joker to the very altitude of his ambition.

The essays have much of the off-hand and gossip character of letters; never long pursuing a path marked out beforehand, but rushing from side to side wherever a wild flower or an insect on the wing tempts the fancy of the rover, whose lively sensibility and reflective cast of mind lend beauty and value to his most transient impressions and his most devious wanderings. Then the subject he starts is never treated exhaustively, but the side which is presented is illustrated by quick flashes of wit, fancy, and feeling, and he hurries off at the spur of association, rapidly glancing at every interesting object that comes across him, and giving more the impression of first-rate conversation than of essays carefully composed in solitary study. They are not the work of a man who has so trained himself to habits of profound and accurate thinking, as that his mind unconsciously and spontaneously reaches conclusions by a method, and contemplates truths in their most universal form; but of one who is rather indulging in reverie than exercising thought, and the sequence of whose ideas is rather a curious and suggestive study, than valuable as leading to any positive results. To persons who are fond of reading aloud, they offer exactly the qualities needed; they are clever, brilliant, allusive, kindly, suggestive of varied and endless talk, and do not suffer by such interruption, being themselves quite as discursive and fragmentary. Hartley Coleridge is hardly a humorist, for his quaintness is scarcely more than phraseological, and is the play of intellect rather than the bias of character; still, though his motley is only skin-deep, it is effectively worn, and carries off triumphantly much that would not be saved by either its wit or wisdom. He seems to have been a close and attentive reader; and his marginal notes are judicious, shrewd, and well worthy of preservation. Probably he would have been greater in the department of criticism than in any other, had his power of work been equal to his talents; for his taste was good, his relish of literature keen, and his reading extensive,

\* A playful name for his mother.



while his quaint expressions, his lively fancy, and his racy idiomatic English, would have powerfully aided him as a writer of articles; nor would his various divergencies, under prudent editorial restriction, have failed to give to his criticisms something of an original and independent interest.

His poems, which are of a slight and occasional character, with the exception of a youthful dramatic fragment, are chiefly interesting as a testimony to the struggle that was to the last going on within him between his better nature and the habit to which he had allowed himself to become enslaved. The language and metre are generally excellent, superior to the substance they embody, except where strong personal feeling gives strength and precision to the sentiment. The two following are eminently beautiful, and very touching in their personal allusion to the writer.

How shall a man foredoom'd to lone estate,  
Untimely old, irreverently gray,  
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,  
Dead sleeping in a hollow, all too late—  
How shall so poor a thing congratulate  
The blest completion of a patient wooing,  
Or how commend a younger man for doing  
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate?  
There is a fable, that I once did read,  
Of a bad angel, that was someway good,  
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood,  
Looking each way, and no way could proceed;  
Till at the last he purged away his sin  
By loving all the joy he saw within.

## MULTUM DILEXIT.

She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight  
Of sin oppress'd her heart; for all the blame,  
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,  
To her was past, extinct, and out of date—  
Only the *sin* remain'd—the leprous stain;  
She would be melted by the heat of love,  
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove  
And purge the silver ore adulterate.  
She sat and wept, and by her untress'd hair  
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;  
And He wiped off the soiling of despair  
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.  
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears;  
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

The following lines were written a few months before his death in a copy of his poems; their title alludes to his long-cherished intention of publishing another volume.

## "FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER."

Oh! woful impotence of weak resolve,  
Recorded rashly to the writer's shame,  
Days pass away, and Time's large orbs revolve,  
And every day beholds me still the same;  
Till oft neglected purpose loses aim,  
And hope becomes a flat unheeded lie,  
And conscience, weary with the work of blame,  
In seeming slumber droops her wistful eye,  
As if she would resign her unregarded ministry.

The union of utter impotence of will, of which drunkenness seems to us to have been a symptom as well as of course a reacting cause, with fine qualities of heart, high intellectual powers, and strong religious sentiments, will surprise no one whose experience of mankind is not very limited. It is not within our province to dogmatize on such matters, but the perusal of these poems, in connexion with what we know of Hartley Coleridge's life, has often suggested to us the consolatory hope,

vague as it may be, that in many cases where the will has become quite powerless to direct the life, the inner spirit is entirely divorced from participation in vicious habits, and undergoes a process of purification by the very horror and loathing and remorse with which it regards the sensual and brutish companion which a Mezentian punishment attaches to it during this mortal pilgrimage.

*The One Primæval Language*, traced experimentally, through ancient inscriptions, in alphabetical characters of lost powers, from the four continents; including the voice of Israel from the rocks of Sinai, and the vestiges of patriarchal tradition from the monuments of Egypt, Etruria, and Southern Arabia. With Illustrative Plates, a Harmonized Table of Alphabets, Glossaries, and Translations. By the Reverend Charles Forster, B. D., one of the six Preachers of Canterbury Cathedral, and Rector of Stisted, Essex, Honorary Member of the Literary Society; Author of "*Mahometanism Unveiled*," &c.

THE subject of this work, by the well-known author of "*Mahometanism Unveiled*," is of a kind which unfits it for full consideration except in a theological or philological publication; but we can tell what the leading subject is and the purpose of the author.

In the reign of Justinian, a merchant of Alexandria named Cosmas visited the peninsula of Sinai, and observed the numerous inscriptions that cover the rocks in that neighborhood. He was informed by certain Jews of the company that those inscriptions had been made by the people who followed Moses in the Exodus; and this statement, with his own account of the region and the rocks, Cosmas inserted in his work called "*Christian Topography*,"—a book which remained in manuscript till 1707, when it was published by Montfaucon. The existence of the inscriptions was then unknown; but the editor gave full credit to his author upon the fact. The interpretation he left to the reader's opinion, but expressed his own that the Jews were liars—"Nos sane Cosman Hebræorum mendaciorum deceptum probabilis existimamus."

Future travellers confirmed the accuracy of Cosmas; but little beyond copying many of the inscriptions was done systematically, till the late Professor Beer of Leipsic took up the subject. Like Montfaucon, he threw the Jews overboard summarily, and attempted to show that the inscriptions were by Christian pilgrims of the fourth and fifth centuries, forming a key which interpreted some of the sculptures upon this theory. About the same time, Mr. Forster had his attention drawn to the subject in ignorance of Beer's book: he conceived he had hit upon the key, and had actually interpreted one inscription from Mr. Gray's work, which made out and remarkably confirmed the account given by the Jews to Cosmas. One point, however, was deficient. In the inscription was a figure of a "quadruped," which Mr. Gray mentioned, but did not copy. Mr. Forster declared, that if his interpretation was correct, it would turn out to be an ass; on procuring a copy of Beer's book, the quadruped was there figured, and an ass it was.

The present volume is introductory; containing but few inscriptions, which are to be increased in succeeding parts. If correctly interpreted, they strongly confirm the Mosaic account. Into the probability of this correctness we cannot enter. The principle on which Mr. Forster proceeded was to compare the Sinaitic figures with the letters of all the other ancient Oriental alphabets, and to give to figures that were unknown the same power as was possessed by known letters; the first a philosophical proceeding, the last perhaps incapable of coming nearer to proof than probability. The form of a sign seems accidental or arbitrary.—*Spectator*.

From the Times of 12th May.

### THE EXHIBITION.

THIS is the tenth day of the Great Exhibition, and it is literal truth to say that every one of the myriads who have visited it has done so each successive day with increased admiration and delight. This is proved not only by the enthusiastic expressions that one hears from every side, but still more by the test of pecuniary success. The sale of the season tickets still continues as brisk as if the Exhibition were still to open, and none of the exclusive attractions, the royal pageant, the guinea days, and the five shilling days had been exhausted. In a fortnight the price will be reduced to one shilling, and sanguine people are taking pains to prove—what, however, we really believe to be true—that it will be possible to move about freely, and to give every object of special interest a minute and comfortable inspection with 50,000 people in the building. But with no more than a fortnight of that comparative seclusion which is implied by the presence of only 20,000 ladies and gentlemen, and with the inroad of the million now so near at hand, the season tickets are still in demand. Incurious ladies who never dreamt of more than two or three visits, and supercilious gentlemen who had vowed they would never set foot in the building, have paid the penalty of their dulness or their caprice by making two or three five shilling visits, and then discovering that, after all, even for what remains, a season ticket would be economy in the end. While the privileged days are rapidly diminishing, the price of the ticket is kept up with Sibylline perseverance and success. This state of things, as might be imagined, has given a new start to the speculations of the royal commissioners and their numerous coadjutors. With the most capacious, and, in some respects, the most magnificent building in the world, with a collection of unapproachable interest and value, and with a thriving exchequer, they are in a position which might excuse a little extravagance of design. It is only a few weeks since people began to exclaim, that the building must never come down. It is now asked, "Will such a collection ever be dispersed?" As to all the lighter or more perishable articles in it, of course moth and rust, smut and dust, preclude all idea of their preservation in such a building, even if Hyde-park were the place for a mere bazaar; but a large portion of the contents might remain there for any period, at least as safe as they are in the British Museum, or any other building in this atmosphere of fog and under this canopy of smoke.

The truth is that the manifold uses of the Exhibition are coming out every day. Everybody who visits it in a reasonable manner, with his wits about him as well as his eyes open, finds that he has this year an opportunity of supplying all sorts of wants in his education or his experience. Of course we are not speaking of those gay and restless mortals who wander in an endless stream up and down the nave and transepts, dividing their interest and worrying their senses with a new object every ten seconds. Such persons deserve to return home with a headache, and to fulfil the observation of a Frenchman, that the Exhibition kills everything and is dead itself. Everybody knows what it is to go through a picture-gallery at a gallop, or even to look into the shops in the Strand as one walks along. Everything must be done with moderation and method, and a survey of the indus-

try of all nations will form no exception to that rule. The arrangement of the building in aisles and galleries, further broken into courts, and divided among different subjects and nations, is eminently favorable for a systematic and leisurely inspection. After half an hour in the grand promenade of all nations—for such it may be literally called—the judicious visitor will spend the rest of his morning in one or two sections, mastering the contents of each before he passes on to the rest. M. Jules Janin speaks of the oases and the deserts in the Exhibition, and it is true enough that Russia displays a Siberia, and the area grasped by the United States is as imperfectly occupied as their own vast continent. It is true, also, that agricultural implements, mining inventions, raw materials, cotton and corn, are not very exciting affairs. But there is a great advantage in this variety. Half an hour's retirement in the desert will recruit the faculties for another plunge into the crowd. Even on Saturday, which we think was the most crowded day since the opening, the galleries of the foreign half and the aisles of the British half were as quiet as Pall-mall out of season or the nave of St. Paul's. The American eagle stretches her wings over a pathless solitude. At the west end, the carriage department was very little molested by visitors. Even the machinery in motion is by no means oppressive, either in the show or in the company. Though not yielding in real interest to any other part of the Exhibition, it is seldom visited by the crowd, except to see the centrifugal pump, which makes itself both heard and seen far beyond the limits of the section. The divisions into courts, and the remoteness of some from the principal thoroughfare, will enable the visitor to see some of the most beautiful things in the Exhibition as quietly as in his own drawing-room. We might instance the saloon which the French have just completed, at the extreme north of their section, for the display of sculpture, tapestry, and china. Enough has been said to show that it depends on the visitor himself whether he will scatter his brains by a desultory and aimless ramble through the crowd, with the probability of a headache in the evening, or study the Exhibition with method, tranquillity, and benefit.

To those who can put a little constraint on themselves, and take the Exhibition as they would every other business of importance, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate its utility. It is a college of art and science such as that which Bacon imagined in his *Atlantis*. It is a tour through all nations and climes, and will tell the observant visitor more than many travellers bring home from a tour through half Europe. It is a museum of the most useful or remarkable productions of nature and of art, such as never yet was gathered into one building. It is a school of design in which England has but too much to gain and too little to impart. It is a congress of nations and a record of progress, which, if it mainly relates to material interests and tastes, must have many important bearings, through them, on the highest interests of humanity. If a man wants to travel and cannot, if he has a taste for the beautiful without the means of gratifying it, if his education has been imperfect and he cannot go to school, this is the place and occasion for supplying his wants or making up arrears. Since the world began there never was such an opportunity of self-instruction, so far as regards those numerous objects on which the least secular among us spend the greater part of

their time and money. We have heard of objections, but they are only those which apply equally to everything on the face of the earth, and which stand good against their abuse, not against their careful and moderate use. Whether the Exhibition be a distraction or not depends on the visitor himself. The exquisite beauty of its treasures, so far from rendering people covetous of them, is likely to make them content with admiring what few can possess, and too fastidious to care much for works of ordinary taste. In another class of objections we see more prudery than sense. There are some subjects in the Exhibition which will offend a pure taste, but none that need inflame the imagination. As for the great majority of the fair forms, somewhat lavishly displayed, it should be remembered that the passions of men cannot be suppressed and may be refined and idealized. On the whole, we feel a comfortable conviction as to the upward as well as the onward tendency of the Exhibition. We believe that it will tend to make the nations of the earth love, respect, and do good to one another. The competition of the generous always does inspire mutual respect. There is no respect like that which two school-boys feel for one another after a hard-fought battle. We are now fighting what *Leipsc* was called, the Battle of Nations, and in the multitude of the combatants, the cost of the material, the intensity of the conflict, and the importance of its issues, it yields to no struggle ever determined by the actual die of war. The blood of the brave and good has often been shed in vain, and it is conceivable that the Exhibition may do harm as well as good; but as yet there is every reason to trust that the good will vastly preponderate.

From the Examiner, 10 May.

#### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE broadest sheets and most spacious supplements of our daily contemporaries fail to keep up with the wonders of the magnificent show in Hyde Park. Every day reveals something that previous description had omitted. Even the obvious and glittering glories of nave and transept elude the attempt to grasp or sum them up; while obscurer avenues, courts and galleries endless, remain to a great extent still unexplored. There is nothing for it but patience, every visitor perceives. As amazement subsides, description will become more exact.

But one thing is already certain. In every respect, and not the least in the important one of finance, the Great Exhibition is a great success. The building is daily traversed by some thirty thousand people, to whom the impression conveyed of its grandeur, beauty, and utility, is but a feeble type of the good it will far more widely diffuse. It is not for the mere pleasure of a holiday that in this very centre of the world's commerce, as (according to Sir John Herschell) of the world itself, the remotest and most various triumphs of human art and industry have been thus brought side by side. We would not make a party use of that to which all parties have nobly contributed; but it is impossible to see such various products of industry brought together without thinking of the markets that await them, and of the wider freedom of intercourse they are meant to reciprocate and extend. It is the plain moral of such a sight as this that all the ports and market-places of the earth must one day be open as our own, and that every

impediment to commercial interchange, as to the inter-communion of invention and intellect, will be finally swept away. To view the space by the eastern entrance appropriated to America, and compare its wealth of raw produce and poverty of skilled labor, with the departments immediately adjoining so rich in labor and inadequate in produce, is to study a chapter of Free Trade more convincing than Adam Smith ever furnished.

But to pass from the new world to the old, how singular and impressive are the lessons here conveyed to us of the races and destinies of men! The assemblage of wonders in the midst of which we stand is more than an exposition of the state of art of the nations of the wide world "from China to Peru." Every one of them has contributed its most finished products and the ethnology of the world may be read in the wondrous collection. We see the produce of the rude industry of the Malay, and of the skillful arts of the Chinese, pretty much the same now as in all likelihood they were when the earliest of the Egyptian pyramids were built. We view the curious and advanced arts of the Hindu as they were two thousand years ago, when the Teutonic and Celtic races were wandering in their native forests clothed in skins. Finally, we behold the finished arts of those once Teutonic and Celtic savages, far excelling, as they are now practised, not only the industry and skill of Chinese and Hindu, but even those of the descendants of the Greeks and Romans.

And from all the surprising varieties of this astonishing scene may be drawn the solemn and instructive lesson of the still advancing progress of the human race, "resulting from the common labor of all men," variously retarded at various times, but never finally stayed. The severest manifestations of labor, and the exactest embodiments of thought, alternate and harmonize with all that is most graceful and beautiful in the conceptions or resources of genius—but the common goal of all, the final object of the exertions of each, is the same. The philosopher and politician, the economist and man of science, the artisan and artist, may discover here the common ground which brings together, and shapes to one magnificent and sacred design, the exertions of the whole family of man. There is no religious temple in this great city in which is more truly expressed the worship of the Creator.

Of the changes perceptible in the arrangements since we last noticed the building, the most striking are in the French department. From their manufactures of Sèvres, the Gobelins, and Beauvais, our ingenious neighbors are slowly unveiling a wealth of ornamental art which will startle and stimulate our English workmen not a little. In machinery, too, and this of the most important kind, we find them, on nearer examination, making singular advances. We do not know what our own skilled countrymen may say to this, or to the cutlery and stuffs of the Zollverein, (very much an object of curiosity, one may see, to the men of Birmingham and Manchester,) or to the extraordinary proficiency in decorative arts exhibited by Austria and Belgium; but we are perfectly sure that competition is good for all, that labor and invention can have no rivals that are not also friends, and that whatever has a tendency to test the skill, refine the taste, or stimulate the invention, carries with it enduring compensation for any temporary sense of defeat. The best workmen of all countries will be the first to feel this; the

steady elevation at which English workmen already stand, has been made manifest by this Exhibition; and we anticipate from it, among its most immediate results, a still further development of the remarkable progress our countrymen have lately made in the application of art to practical forms of production.

But let us not close this hasty glance at the wonders of the Exhibition without a mention of its greatest wonder. Such in our judgment is the casket which enshrines all the rest, the Crystal Palace itself, finished in six months' time, and of which nearly the whole materials whereof it is composed were probably crude and unformed in the bowels of the earth a short year ago. How many previous inventions, discoveries, and improvements were indispensable to this achievement! Without Watt's improvements in the steam-engine it could not have been done. It could not have been done without the improvement of the manufacture of glass. Without Sir Robert Peel's bold and liberal measure of sweeping off the pernicious excise from glass, it could not have been attempted. This was Sir Robert's own remark on the day of his fatal accident, when the plan was first submitted to him and his fellow-commissioners; and it may increase even the bitterness of regret for the death of the great statesman, that he should not have lived to see the structure accomplished in which at once he took so lively an interest.

The Crystal Palace is a perfect structure. Its form is graceful, almost aerial, yet at the same time solid and substantial. It harmonizes with the blue sky above it, and with the green earth around it; and, above all, its adaptation to its use is perfect. Taking all the circumstances into account, this structure of six months' labor may be pronounced without hesitation, as a triumph of art and science, more wondrous, with reference to means and ends, the need and the fulfilment, than the temple of St. Peter's, which it took three centuries to complete. The Crystal Palace took six months in building, and cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; St. Peter's took three centuries, and cost sixteen millions. It is an honor to our country and age that such a fabric could not have been raised, either in the same time, or in any time, by any other race of men, or in any other age. We are not a brilliant people, but we are a sure—let us say, even a great one. The next achievement of the kind will probably be accomplished by the same race of men on the opposite shore of the Atlantic; but the time for that giant in the cradle to accomplish it has not yet arrived, and without impatience he must await his manhood.

And now a word for the parties under whose direction, management, or labor, the great exploit of this Great Exhibition has been achieved. Our thanks and gratitude are due to all of them, from the prince to the artisan. If Nelson had been as good a judge of a glass palace as of a sea-fight, he would certainly have pronounced without hesitation that every man of them had done "his duty," which, in this England of ours, is saying everything. Two of the parties in question, however, are preëminently entitled to distinction—the prince, and the self-taught architect; the first for originating the design, and for his courageous perseverance in carrying it out, against the remonstrances of titled but timorous obstructives, harassingly persevered in down to the last moment;—and the last for the genius, which, in rising to the occasion above his ordinary daily pursuits, has at once done

honor to his country, and to the people from whom he is sprung.

#### LORD DENMAN ON THE EVIDENCE OF PARTIES.

*To the Editor of the Law Review:*

Dear Sir—Being still disabled from attending in my place in Parliament, I request permission to make known in your valuable journal my sentiments on the important bill now pending before the House of Lords, on the reception of the evidence of parties.

In the outset, however, I must admit that I have no judicial experience to report, as, indeed, none can exist with respect to a system which has not actually been tried; my only title to be heard arises from a general acquaintance with, and much consideration of, the subject, combined with an ardent desire to contribute to the safe improvement of our judicial system. I have frequently discussed it in a correspondence with Lord Brougham—have urged and sifted all the doubts which have occurred to me, as to the expediency of the change proposed—and have ultimately come to a clear and decided opinion that that change will be beneficial, or, rather, that it is necessary for the discovery of truth and the promotion of justice, and will greatly tend to prevent the crime of perjury, and ultimately to extinguish unjust litigation.

To enter particularly into the argument would be superfluous and almost impertinent, as Lord Brougham's speech is before the public, and will, of course, command attention. Whoever wishes to enter into more details will find them admirably discussed in the tract of my friend, Mr. Amos, illustrated as it is by actual experience of a state of things perfectly analogous to that which the bill contemplates. The same evidence of the same experience has proceeded from nearly all the county court judges who have enjoyed the same opportunity. I would further mention the able letter, addressed by Sir Erskine Perry to Lord Campbell, which seems to establish the same conclusion both in our eastern possessions and in foreign countries, where the practice has been introduced, particularly in the courts of France.

The hope, therefore, may be confidently indulged that the formidable opposition with which the bill is menaced in the House of Lords, will be removed, as my own objections have been, by a fuller consideration of the proofs in its favor; and that the candid mind of the lord chancellor, when relieved from the immediate pressure of overwhelming duties, and free to make full inquiry, may acquiesce in the same result, at which so many of his friends have already arrived.

The evils of the ancient system which excluded all information from interested witnesses were glaring and intolerable in Westminster Hall; and I am able to set forth some monstrous consequences arising from the defects which it is now proposed to remove. Take one example. The plaintiff is the holder of a bill or note which the defendant, if he signed it, is liable to pay. The plaintiff, though he, and he alone, saw him sign it, cannot prove the fact, because excluded by the rule of law. The defendant is protected by the same law from confessing the fact. On the trial recourse must therefore be had to those who know the hand-writing; but no witness is at hand who can speak to it with certainty. The defendant may sit in court, and be a spectator of the plaintiff's nonsuit, for want of that proof; and, instead of assisting him to recover



the sum which both parties know to be due, the law becomes his accomplice in converting his creditor into a debtor for the amount of costs incurred in the prosecution of a just claim. This, which would hardly be believed if it were not conformable to constant practice, is, perhaps, the extreme case; but the degrees in which injustice may be effected by this operation of law are innumerable.\*

I shall abstain from entering on the utility of permitting a defendant to be personally examined in the case where he is sought to be defrauded by a forged instrument, or where his signature may have been obtained under circumstances, known only to himself and the plaintiff, which show that he is not liable, &c.

When at the bar, my experience as an arbitrator was considerable. I have no impression of having ever declined to examine a party where he was thought capable of giving useful information. I know, as the result of inquiry, that this is now frequently the case; and I may mention that, when sitting on the bench, I have heard the witnesses at fault in making out by inference some decisive fact known to the parties. I have frequently recommended that the cause should be referred to arbitration, for the single purpose of subjecting those parties to examination. The recommendation was, in no instance that I remember, declined, and I have never heard any complaint of the consequences.

In the late debate, a hint was thrown out that it might be more proper to call for the opinion of the superior judges on the bill than for that of the gentlemen presiding in our county courts. But it is obvious that the county court judges speak of an experiment which is actually and every day passing before their eyes, while the superior judges could only report a speculation of their own on a state of things which has not yet presented itself to their observation. If, however, it should be deemed advisable to consult the judges upon the bill, I hope that those learned and excellent men will be found to have turned their minds to the question, and are prepared to pronounce a judgment upon it. I am sure that their suggestions will be received with the utmost respect and deference, as the product of conscientious candor, of cultivated and practised intellect. Their opinions, to whichever side they may incline, will assuredly be supported with that fulness of reasoning and explanation which will enable Parliament clearly to discern their import, accurately to weigh their value, and ultimately, on its own untransferable responsibility, decide upon them.

The delay itself may, however, produce both inconvenience and injustice; and there is this further difficulty of a more general nature. To form schemes for altering the laws is no part of the judge's vocation. They have sometimes, to my knowledge, felt rather aggrieved by being expected to have done so, or required to perform that task.

\* I ventured, when at the bar, to denounce the possible triumph of this dishonest suppression, in a short pamphlet published, I think, in 1828, which the commissioners for the amendment of the law printed in their minutes as my evidence. Every suggestion it contained has, in the interval, become law, except the correction of this defect, which is really a disgrace to a civilized country. I meditated an act for empowering courts to call on parties, whose signature appears to instruments, to admit or deny it. But I trust the necessity for such partial measure will be superseded by the comprehensive enactment under consideration.

While they are bound to certify their practice, and would receive entire credit in reporting it, they may well decline to expound their opinions, or even to form any, on the prudence of reforming it, and they may hesitate to submit their speculations to contradiction and criticism.

The lines of Horace, hackneyed by frequent quotation, on account of their true and felicitous description of a certain phase of human nature, are much more applicable to judges than to literary or theatrical censors:—

—Clament periisse pudorem

Cuncti pœne patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,  
Quæ gravis Æsopus quæ doctus Roscius egit;  
Vel quia nil rectum nisi quod placuit sibi ducunt,  
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ  
Imberbes didicere senes perdenda fateri.

Besides the constant occupation of their minds in their important functions, and the necessity for the undisturbed enjoyment of their hard-earned leisure, there are feelings in the judges which must ever strengthen the reluctance to assent to alteration. They have administered the law as they found it, with implicit confidence, and even veneration, which unite in them with all the obvious and instinctive motives for abhorring change. It is painful to condemn the past and present. Even if they concur in the projected improvement, they had rather that others should be the persons to counsel it. What has satisfied mankind so long may be suffered to remain during their time, alas! too short at the best.

Some of the chiefs in our superior courts are advanced to the peerage in the expectation, possibly, that in Parliament they will propose a remedy for the defects made apparent to them while presiding over the administration of the law. My own activity in such legislation has not been excessive; I rather blush for the little I have attempted, and the less I have been able to do. But I confess I have felt discouragement, regret, and even humiliation, at receiving the answer of some of my contemporaries to points which I have thought it my duty to lay before them:—"The principle is perfectly right. I cannot answer your reasoning, and I see the objection to the present state of the law, and none to the change, except that it is a change; yet I cannot bring myself to concur in it." It is a fact on record, which will startle existing judges, most of whom probably never heard of it, (as I am now travelling forty years back), that Lord Ellenborough announced in the House of Lords the unanimous opinion of his eleven brother judges, that it would be wrong to repeal the law which punished with death a larceny to the amount of five shillings in a shop. The oracle had not been consulted; it solemnly volunteered this fearful edict. Perhaps also every member of the present House of Peers will be astonished to hear that the bill was, for that time, rejected.

I cannot forget one particular fallacy which I have frequently observed, which tends to increase the aversion of some judges to change. The system which they find they believe to have been established on full deliberation as the wisdom of former ages, and hence impute to all innovators the arrogance of reversing a decision; whereas, in truth, the existing system is, for the most part, the neglected growth of time and accident; circumstances have prevented the revision that is now taking place; and the existing defect has only been left uncured because no deliberation has ever been had upon it.

The reasons, however, on which the present law must have been founded, probably stated with all possible force in judicial acts, and by text writers on the law, admit and require free and careful examination. Mr. Amos then most properly lays before us Chief Baron Gilbert's deduction of the rule excluding parties, as a corollary from the rule excluding interested witnesses, because their testimony "can never induce any rational belief." Lord Brougham, from the great authority of Lord Chief Justice Tindal and others, proves that there have been on the bench many exceptions to the adoption of the dogma; and, indeed, it is worth while to consider whether it is not entirely without foundation.

On what ground is the assertion warranted, that no man, speaking with the bias of interest on his mind, can speak the truth? Made with respect to ourselves, or any individual of our acquaintance, it is an imputation as false as insulting, and would be rejected with just indignation. Why must we pronounce ourselves so much more virtuous than the rest of mankind? The earlier part of Mr. Amos' treatise furnishes a simple and lucid narrative of the various causes which, under his own observation, have ensured the triumph of candor and veracity over the principle of self-interest; and I have seldom read a defence for mankind from one of the charges most commonly brought against it more ingenious or more just than that contained in those pages. I must also bear witness, as far as opinion goes, that, notwithstanding the frequent contrarieties of testimony observable in courts of justice, the amount of wilful falsehood, undoubtedly great, is far less than is generally supposed.\*

"Ask no questions, and you will hear no lies," is a vernacular caution often administered to inconvenient inquisitiveness. It seems to me to comprise the whole argument in opposition to this bill. But no one will advise us to prefer darkness to light, because the latter must sometimes reveal unsightly objects; still less will prudence suggest an entire abstinence from food, though that is the only perfect security against swallowing poison.

With these views, which I merely state, leaving the argument in abler hands, I give in my adhesion to the principle of Lord Brougham's bill, and respectfully thus tender my vote for its further progress.—I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

*Parsloes, April 21.*

DENMAN.

From the Morning Chronicle, 5 May.

THERE is no lawyer living who is regarded by the legal profession with warmer feelings of reverential affection than those which are entertained for Lord Denman; and the admirable letter on the "Evidence of Parties," which his lordship has just addressed to the editor of the *Law Reporter*, will be perused by all persons connected with the law with that species of personal interest which men are wont to feel when they study the matured opinions of some valued friend. Every line of that letter affords conclusive proof that the bodily infirmities with which the writer has been afflicted

\* I am tempted to wish that Mr. Amos' tract had ended with his interesting and truly philosophical disquisition on this theme. The particular constitution of county courts, with the amount of remuneration to their various officers, and some other matters of which he treats, may be very fit subjects for animadversion, but they are not *hujusce loci*, and hardly deserve to hold a place in such superior company.

for many months—and which, to use his own language, "still disable him from attending in his place in Parliament"—have failed to impair, in the slightest degree, the vigorous elasticity of his mind. We trace in that composition the same mild and dignified tone, the same manly language, the same sterling good sense, the same hearty love of truth, and the same ardent desire to improve our judicial system, which have been the well-known characteristics of all his lordship's former exertions in the ennobling cause of Law Reform. Nor could the appearance of the letter have been better timed, for Lord Brougham's bill to render parties to the record admissible witnesses for themselves, and compellable to give evidence for their opponents, though it has been read a second time in the House of Lords, is undoubtedly menaced with opposition from the lord chancellor; and, very possibly, some few of the learned judges may regard the measure with feelings of indefinite alarm. It is, therefore, highly important that the members of the legislature shall be made acquainted with the deliberate sentiments of one who has not only for many years filled with distinction the high office of lord chief justice, but who has had his attention peculiarly directed to the law of evidence, and is himself the parent of the most valuable statute that has ever been passed upon that subject.

*A Hymn for All Nations.* 1851. By M. F. TUPPER, D.C.L., Author of "Proverbial Philosophy." Translated into Thirty Languages. (Nearly fifty Versions.) The Music composed expressly by S. Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc.

ONE of the most curious publications that the Great Exhibition has instigated. Mr. Tupper's hymn of six stanzas is indeed hardly equal to the occasion or his own character. In aiming at generality, he has lost sight of aptness. With the exception of a line or two, the hymn is fit for all occasions and peculiar to none. But the assistance he has received from scholars in every branch of scholarship, and from men of many climes, in rendering his verses into ancient and modern languages, including Hebrew, Greek, Sanscrit, Arabic, Chinese, and Ojibway, shows the hearty good-will of superior men in contributing towards the great undertaking.—*Spectator*.

#### TO JENNY LIND.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THEY call thee Nightingale, fair maid!

"Tis a charmed bird in truth,  
That by harmonious love betrayed  
To fly the light and seek the shade,  
Trills out, in dark and secret glade,  
Its short melodious youth:

But not thine image. No, bright girl;  
The lark thine emblem be,  
Who, sky-ward, high her notes doth whirl,  
Still mounting up with quivering curl,  
And never will her wing unfurl  
Unless the heaven she see.

Sweet—beyond mortal sweetness—swell

The sounds thy lips impart.  
And why? Because they somewhat tell  
Heaven's harmonies that in thee dwell,  
And lend the soul to a deep well  
Of music in thy heart.

*Graham's Magazine.*

From the Examiner.

*The Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and the Rev. William Mason.* Now first published from the original MS. Edited, with notes, by the Rev. J. MITFORD. Two vols. Bentley.

WE find ourselves quite as happy to sit at our ease and read eternal new letters by Horace Walpole, as ever Gray was to "lie on a sofa all day long" and read eternal new romances by Marivaux and Crebillon. With Gray himself, and Madame de Sévigné, to his love and admiration for both of whom the volumes before us bear ample testimony, Horace Walpole divides the "crown and palm" of this department of literature. And if he did not always exhibit the easy and unaffected charm which the others possessed, he yet cultivated and practised the art so much more upon system, as to have left in his letters a really important contribution to the history of his time. Nowhere do we find the political or social characteristics of his age more clearly reflected, and to no quarter may we look for a more vivid expression of the general history of the sixty years during which his long life enabled him to mix with public men.

The inconsistencies of his own character, which, more than any intention to mislead, occasionally impair the fidelity of his portraits, need not here be dwelt upon. He was justly proud of his literary talents, and foolishly ashamed to be thought so. He was a gentleman born, and impatient to be counted a man of letters; he was a politician *manqué*, and anxious to be reckoned a philosopher; and, being a philosopher and a gentleman, he would have had the world believe in no literature and in no politics excepting those which he condescended himself to trifle with. He helps the king and the ministers, though he finds it of no use; he saves the country, though he protests it was not worth the saving; and he writes books for idle people, though he warns idle people not to think of reading them. And so, contradictions meet us continually; but we persist in spite of them. We can see, through all, that Walpole was really much more amiable and estimable than he cared to be thought. We smile to compare his elaborate professions of indifference to everybody with his painstaking efforts to please everybody. And whenever these more amiable and sincere qualities get the better of his habits of foppery and insincerity, we find nowhere such pungent wit, such charming sense, such exquisite and happy discernment, as in the letters of Horace Walpole. Nor, though those favorable points of character are really abundant with him, have we even to depend upon them for the interest and amusement he offers us. As we have heretofore remarked, he makes readable whatever he touches, and in whatever vein. We despise the trifles he exalts, we resent the injustice he commits, we laugh at his conceited pretensions, but we read on. We cannot help it.

When we noticed the last-published series of letters by Walpole, now nearly four years ago, we mentioned the existence of the present series of letters to Gray's friend and biographer, Mason. We believe them to be really the last. Setting aside some half dozen letters belonging to as many earlier years, and two or three at the very close of Walpole's life, (for politics had made an intervening gap of some twelve years' duration in their intimacy,) the continuous correspondence may be said to extend from 1771 to 1784; or, from the

shady side of Walpole's fiftieth, to the sunny side of his seventieth year; and we see the steady and regular advances of age and gout plaguing poor Horace not a little. Discontent sours the philosophy, and gout embitters the gossip now and then, while prejudices of the most ridiculous kind make the criticism next to worthless. But still the old charm survives, and predominates over all.

The subjects touched upon in the correspondence with Mason are less common, belonging less to the general field of politics and society; and the letters themselves have therefore fewer repetitions of what we have read in Walpole's former correspondences. On the other hand, this may seem to render them occasionally less entertaining to the general reader, not specially interested in the narrower field they occupy. They tell us much concerning Gray, and Walpole's difference with him in early life, though we still doubt if the whole secret of the quarrel be even yet fully revealed. They relate the secret history of the Heroic Epistle, which, though now perhaps hardly worth relating, is yet not without curious points of interest for those who like to put themselves behind the scenes with the wits and men of fashion of that day. They bring out with marked prominence Walpole's abhorrence of the Scotch, his bitter dislike of Johnson and the men of genius connected with him, his uneasy contempt for Lord Chesterfield and Lord Lyttelton, his impatience of Garrick's popularity, and his better-founded scorn of Cumberland and his clique. We do not mention his studied injustice to Chatterton, because in this there was not a little natural resentment of as great an injustice to himself on the part of poor Chatterton's upholders; but perhaps nothing is more painfully impressed on all the letters that his monstrous persistence in the refusal of all merit to the most distinguished writers of his time who did not happen to belong to his set.

Let the reader remember that within a few years before these letters, and during their continuance, all the writings of Sterne had been produced, and all the writings of Goldsmith; that Johnson had published *Rasselas* and the *Idler*, the edition of *Shakspeare*, the *Dictionary*, and the *Lives of the Poets*; that Smollet had given *Sir Lancelot Greaves* and *Humphrey Clinker* to the world; that the first publication of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters had taken place; that Percy had published his *Reliques*, Reid his *Inquiry*, and Hume his immortal *History*; that the most important portion of the *Decline and Fall* had come forth; and that the theatres could boast of the farces of Foote and the comedies of Goldsmith, Colman, and Sheridan. Yet here is all that Walpole can say of it!

#### WHAT WALPOLE THOUGHT OF THE LITERATURE OF HIS DAY.

What a figure will this our Augustan age make! Garrick's prologues, epilogues and verses, Sir W. Chambers' gardening, Dr. Nowel's sermon, Whittington and his Cat, Sir John Dalrymple's history and the life of Henry II. What a library of poetry, taste, good sense, veracity, and vivacity! ungrateful Shebear! indolent Smollet! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith! how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences are encouraged and rewarded! Guthrie buried his mighty genius in a Review, and Mallet died of his first effusions of his loyalty. The retrospect makes one melancholy, but Ossian has appeared, and were Paradise once more lost, we should not want an Epic Poem.

We take other passages from the letters exhibiting the same spirit—now simply entertaining!

## WALPOLE'S ESTIMATE OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy—no, it is the lowest of all farces; it is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind—the situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humor, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them. Garrick would not act it, but bought himself off by a poor prologue.

## LONDON IN 1774.

I know nothing, but that politics are dead, literature obsolete, the stage lower than in the days of Mysteries, the actors as bad as the plays, the macaronis as poor as the nabobs are rich, and nothing new upon earth, but coats and waistcoats; as for the women, they think almost as little of their petticoats as the men do. We are to have my Lord Chesterfield's works, and my Lord Lyttelton's works, which will not much reanimate the age, the *Saturnia regna*.

## GOLDSMITH'S DEATH.

The republic of Parnassus has lost a member; Dr. Goldsmith is dead of a purple fever, and I think might have been saved if he had continued James' powder, which had much effect, but his physician interposed. His numerous friends neglected him shamefully at last, as if they had no business with him when it was too serious to laugh. He had lately written epitaphs for them all, some of which hurt, and perhaps made them not sorry that his own was the first necessary. The poor soul had sometimes parts though never common sense.

## ENVY OF SHAKESPEARE!

Voltaire has lately written a letter against Shakespeare, (occasioned by the new paltry translation, which still has discovered his miraculous powers,) and it is as downright Billingsgate as an apple-woman would utter if you overturned her wheelbarrow, poor old wretch! How envy disgraces the brightest talents! how Gray adored Shakespeare! Partridge, the Almanac maker, perhaps, was jealous of Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Goldsmith told me he himself envied Shakespeare; but Goldsmith was an idiot, with once or twice a fit of parts. It hurts one when a real genius like Voltaire can feel more spite than admiration, though I am persuaded that his rancor is grounded on his conscious inferiority. I wish you would lash this old scorpion a little, and teach him awe of English poets.

## WALPOLE CRITICIZES SHERIDAN.

I have read Sheridan's Critic, but not having seen it, for they say it is admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation; it makes me fear I shall not be so much charmed with the School for Scandal, on reading, as I was when I saw it. . . . *Aprpos* to the theatre, I have read the School for Scandal: it is rapid and lively, but is far from containing the wit I expected from seeing it acted.

## ON DAVIES' LIFE OF GARRICK.

There is come out a Life of Garrick, in two volumes, by Davies the bookseller, formerly a player. It is written naturally, simply, without pretensions, nay and without partiality (though under the auspices of Dr. Johnson) unless, as it seems, the prompter reserved all the flattery to himself, and according to an epigram on the late queen and the Hermitage,

—whispered let the incense all be mine.

In consequence the author calls the pedant the greatest man of the age, and compares his trumpery tragedy of Irene to Cato. However, the work is entertaining and deserves immortality for preserving that *sublime* saying of Quin (which, by the way, he profanes by calling it a *bon mot*) who, disputing on the execution of Charles I., and being asked by his antagonist by what law he was put to death, replied, *by all the laws he had left them*. I wish you would translate it into Greek, and write it in your Longinus; it has ten times more grandeur, force and meaning than anything he cites.

## WALPOLE'S OPINION OF THE SCOTCH LITERATURE.

Pray look into the Critical Review but one; there you will find that David Hume in a saucy blockheadly note calls Locke, Algernon Sidney, and Bishop Hoadley, *despicable writers*. I believe that ere long the Scotch will call the English *lousy*, and that Goody Hunter will broach the assertion in an anatomic lecture. Not content with debasing and disgracing us as a nation by losing America, destroying our empire, and making us the scorn and prey of Europe, the Scotch would annihilate our patriots, martyrs, heroes and geniuses. Algernon Sidney, Lord Russel, King William, the Duke of Marlborough, Locke, are to be traduced and levelled, and, with the aid of their fellow-laborer, Johnson, who spits at them while he tugs at the same oar, Milton, Addison, Prior, and Gray, are to make way for the dull forgeries of Ossian, and such wights as Davy, and Johnny Hume, Lord Kaims, Lord Monboddo, and Adam Smith!—Oh! if you have a drop of English ink in your veins, rouse and revenge your country! Do not let us be run down and brazened out of all our virtue, genius, sense, and taste, by Laplanders and Bæotians, who never produced one original writer in verse or prose.

On the other hand he affects to spare himself as little:

## WALPOLE'S ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF IN 1774.

I will not quarrel with you about what you say of my wit. Whether I have it, or have had it, I neither know nor care. It was none of my doing; and even if I had it, I am guilty of never having improved it, and of putting it to very trifling uses. Whatever it was, it is gone with my spirits, or passed off with my youth—which I bear the loss of too with patience, though a better possession. But I am seriously hurt with those two words at the conclusion of your letter, *perfect respect*. My dear sir, to me, and from you, *perfect respect*! on what grounds, on what title?—what is there in me respectable? To have flung away so many advantages in so foolish a manner as I have done, is that respectable? to have done nothing in my life that is praiseworthy, not to have done as much good as I might; does this deserve respect from so good a man as you are? have I turned even my ruling passion, that preservative I call it, pride, to account? no—yet hear my sincere confession; I had rather be unknown, and have the pride of virtue, than be Shakespeare, which is all I can say of mortal wit. Nay, I would rather accept that pride of virtue preferably to all earthly blessings, for its own comfortable insolence, though I were sure to be annihilated the moment I die; so far am I from thinking with the saint, that suffering virtue without a future reward, would of all conditions be the most miserable. There are none, or few real evils, but pain and guilt. The dignity of virtue makes everything else a trifle, or very tolerable. Penury itself may flatter one, for it may be inflicted on a man for his virtue, by that paltry thing, ermine and velvet, a king. Pray, therefore, never respect me any more, till my virtues have made me a beggar. I am not melancholy, nor going to write *divine poems* I have a more manly resolution, which is to mend myself as much as I can, and not let my age be as absurd as my youth. I want to respect myself, the



person in the world whose approbation I desire most. The next title I aspire to, but not till that person is content with me, is that of being your sincere friend.

WALPOLE'S OPINION OF HIMSELF IN 1780.

But it is solemnly true that I have so mean an opinion of myself that I know not how to consent to any honor. Genius I absolutely have not—taste if you please—for of that I should be no more vain than of personal beauty—but I have so much littleness in my mind, such a want of virtue, that any praise of my understanding makes me cast my eyes inwards with contrition and disgust. Would not an idol of mud blush if it could, at seeing itself crowned with laurel?—having made my confession to you, my confessor, do what you please, but save me from compliments, and from *Honorables*—there I am proud, not humble. I am thoroughly convinced that that wretched ray of an Earldom procured me half my little fame. Things I have published without my name, though not worse than their baptized brethren, have perished in their merited obscurity. I can smile at it, but at least it makes me set no value on my literary reputation.

AN AUTHOR AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Authors are said to labor for posterity; for my part, I find I did not write even for the rising generation. Experience tells me it was all for those of my own, or near my own, time. The friends I have lost were, I find, more than half the public to me. It is as difficult to write for young people as to talk to them; I never, I perceive, meant anything about them in what I have written, and cannot commence an acquaintance with them in print.

SELLING ONE'S WRITINGS BETTER THAN SELLING ONESELF.

I am neither ashamed of being an author or a bookseller. My mother's father was a timber-merchant. I have many reasons for thinking myself a worse man, and none for thinking myself better: consequently I shall never blush at doing anything he did. I print much better than I write, and love my trade, and hope I am not one of those *most undeserving of all objects*, printers and booksellers, whom, I confess, you lash with justice. In short, sir, I have no notion of poor Mr. Gray's delicacy; I would not sell my talents as orators and senators do, but I would keep a shop, and sell any of my own works that would gain me a livelihood, whether books or shoes, rather than be tempted to sell myself. 'Tis an honest vocation to be a scavenger—but I would not be solicitor-general.

There is no affectation in that last assertion—Walpole really felt it. Let us also quote what he says of himself apropos of his quarrel with Gray, in which, even allowing for much that may be still suppressed, we see also much of his real manliness and worth.

WALPOLE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS DIFFERENCE WITH GRAY.

I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversion, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us, when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior; I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I

offered to send him to them without me. Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating. At the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part had I had the sense to take advantage of it; he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider till we became incompatible.

Here is an anecdote and a comment, both highly characteristic—

GIBBON AND HIS CRITIC.

You will be diverted to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense; I gave it, but, alas! with too much sincerity, I added, "Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry you should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan History. There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, duke of the palace, that, though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have patience to read it." He colored; all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and, rapping his snuff-box, said, "It had never been put together before"—so well, he meant to add—but gulped it. He meant so well certainly, for Tillemont, whom he quotes in every page, has done the very thing. Well, from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week; nor has sent me the third volume, as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably. The history is admirably written, especially in the characters of Julian and Athanasius, in both of which he has piqued himself on impartiality—but the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots that would choke anything but Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles. David Hume and Adam Smith are *legislators* and sages, but the homage is intended for his patron, Lord Loughborough—so much for literature and its fops!

There is, of course, no denying that this continual attempt to make "small beer" of the Gibbons, Humes, Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Smolletts, and other spirits already secure and serene among the immortals, however amusing in itself, becomes mighty ridiculous by the side of as perpetual and to all appearance most exhilarating draughts of the mild milk-and-water of Mr. Mason. Indeed, nothing in the correspondence has amused us more than the unwearied interchange of flattery between the correspondents. One might suppose that the disembodied genius of Shakspeare himself were constantly hovering around *Elfrida* at Strawberry Hill and the *Mysterious Mother* at Aston Rectory.

A THEATRICAL EXAMINER BY WALPOLE.

I have been to see *Elfrida*;—don't think it was out of revenge, though it is wretchedly acted, and worse set to music. The virgins were so inarticulate, that I should have understood them as well if they had sung choruses of Sophocles. Orgar had a broad Irish accent; I thought the first virgin, who is a lusty virago, called Miss Miller, would have knocked him down, and I hoped she would. Edgar stared at his own crown, and seemed to fear it would tumble off. Smith did not play Athelwold ill; Mrs. Hartley is made for the part, if beauty and figure could suffice for what

you write, but she has no one symptom of genius. Still it was very affecting, and does admirably for the stage under all these disadvantages. The tears came into my eyes, and streamed down the Duchess of Richmond's lovely cheeks.

To this we must subjoin a most amusing description by Walpole, of

#### A TRAGEDY AS GOOD AS SHAKESPEARE.

The Bishop-Count of Bristol, whom I met t'other night at Mrs. Delaney's, desired to send me a play, that he confessed he thought equal to the noblest flights of Shakspeare. Such an honor was not to be refused. Arrived the thickest of quartos, full as the egg of an ostrich; with great difficulty I got through it in two days. It is on the story of Lord Russel. John Lilburne himself could not have more whig-zeal. The style, extremely deficient in grammar, is flogged up to more extravagant rants than Statius' or Claudian's, with a due proportion of tumbles into the kennel. The devils and damnation supply every curse with brimstone, and hell's sublime is coupled with Newgate, St. James' and Stock's market; every scene is detached, and each as long as an act; and every one might be omitted without interrupting the action, for plot or conduct there is none. Jefferies and Father Petre open the drama, and scourge one another up to the blackest pitch of iniquity. They are relieved by Algernon Sidney and Lord Howard; the first rants like a madman and damns the other to the pit of hell. Lady Russel is not a whit less mercurial. The good Earl of Bedford, on the contrary, is as patient as Job, and forgets the danger of his son to listen to the pathetic narrative of his old steward, whose wife had been Lord Russel's nurse and died at seeing him sent to the tower. The second act begins and never ends with Lord Bedford's visit to Newgate, where he gives money to the jailer for leave to see his son. The jailer chouses him, calls himself Emperor of Newgate, and promises to support his tyranny by every act of royal tyranny; compares himself to Salmoneus, and talks of Nabobs, Stock's alley, and Whitfield. Lord Russel comes to the grate, gives more money equally in vain. At last the monarch-jailer demands 1000*l.*, Russel promises it; the jailer tenders a promissory note. Lord Russel takes it to sign, and finds it stipulates 7,000*l.*, and so on. King Charles and the Duke of York enter, quarrel about religion, but agree on cutting Lord Essex's throat, with many such pathetic amenities. The last act contains the whole trial *verbatim*, with the pleadings of the Attorney and Solicitor Generals; Tillotson and Burnet are called to the prisoner's character—in vain—he is condemned. Lord Bedford falls at the king's feet begging his son's life; the king tells him he teases him to death, and that he had rather be still in Scotland listening to nine hours' sermons delivered—

—Through the funnel  
Of noses lengthened down into proboscis.

This is the only flower I could retain of so dainty a garland; the piece concludes with Lady Russel's swooning on hearing the two strokes of the axe. Now you are a little acquainted with our second Shakspeare! Be assured that I have neither exaggerated in the character given, nor in the account of this tedious but very diverting tragedy.

The writer was a poor Irish parson named Stratford, whom Cumberland had taken it into his head to patronize, and who had less wit than learning, and more simplicity than either learning or wit.

What further extracts we give will amuse the reader, and in all probability send him, in search of more amusement, to the volumes them-

selves. He will not be disappointed. Walpole's letters throughout are worthy of him; and though Mason's are not so good as we expected, they are a clever foil to Walpole even in their occasional unconscious imitations of him, and now and then they possess considerable interest in themselves. We must not omit to say that the book has been printed in a very slovenly way. Omitted words, and mis-pointed sentences, often render the letters unintelligible. We can hardly suppose them to have enjoyed the advantage of revision from Mr. Mitford—to whose well-known taste and knowledge, we should add, we are wholly indebted for the discovery (in the library of Mason's old rectory at Aston) of this new series of the letters of Walpole.

#### SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

About ten days ago I wanted a housemaid, and one presented herself very well recommended; I said, "But, young woman, why do you leave your present place?" She said that she could not support the hours she kept; that her lady never went to bed till three or four in the morning. "Bless me, child," said I, "why, you tell me you live with a bishop's wife; I never heard that Mrs. North gamed or raked so late." "No, sir," said she, "but she is three hours undressing." Upon my word, the edifice that takes three hours to demolish, must at least be double the time in fabricating! would not you for once sit up till morning to see the destruction of the pyramid and distribution of the materials? Do not mention this, for I did not take the girl, and she still assists at the daily and nightly revolutions of Babel.

On Tuesday I supped after the opera at Mrs. Meynel's, with a set of the most fashionable company, which, take notice, I very seldom do now, as I certainly am not of the age to mix often with young people. Lady Melbourne was standing before the fire, and, adjusting her feathers in the glass, says she, "Lord! they say the stocks will blow up; that will be very comical."

#### BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

When that philosophic tyrant, the Czarina, (who murdered two emperors for the good of their people, to the edification of Voltaire, Diderot and Dalember,) proposed to give a code of laws that should serve all her subjects as much, or as little as she pleased, she ordered her various states to send deputies, who should specify their respective wants. Amongst the rest came a representative of the Samoieds; he waited on the marshal of the diet of legislation, who was Archbishop of Novogrod. I am come, said the savage, but I do not know for what. My clement mistress, said his grace, means to give a body of laws to all her dominions. Whatever laws the empress shall give us, said the Samoied, we shall obey, but we want no laws. How, said the prelate, not want laws! why, you are men like the rest of the world, and must have the same passions, and consequently must murder, cheat, steal, rob, plunder, &c. &c. &c.

It is true, said the savage, we have now and then a bad person among us, but he is sufficiently punished by being shut out of all society. \* \* \* One day Count Orlowe, the Czarina's accomplice in more ways than one, exhibited himself to the Samoied in the robes of the order and refulgent with diamonds. The savage surveyed him attentively, but silently. May I ask, said the favorite, what it is you admire? Nothing, replied the Tartar, I was thinking how ridiculous you are. Ridiculous, cried Orlowe angrily; and pray in what? Why, you shave your beard to look young, and powder your hair to look old.

#### FALSE SYMPATHY.

Those gentry the methodists will grow very troublesome, or worse; they were exceedingly unwilling to

part with that impudent hypocrite, Dr. Dodd, and not less, to have forgery criminal. I own I felt very much for the poor wretch's protracted sufferings—but that was not the motive of their countenance; I cannot bear a militant arch-inquisitor, or an impostor in a tabernacle.

WALPOLE CRITICIZES THE FIRST AND SECOND ACADEMY EXHIBITIONS AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

You know, I suppose, that the Royal Academy at Somerset House is opened. It is quite a Roman palace, and finished in perfect taste as well as boundless expense. It would have been a glorious apparition at the conclusion of the great war; now it is an insult on our poverty and degradation. There is a sign-post by West of his majesty holding the memorial of his late campaign, lest we should forget that he was at Coxheath when the French fleet was in Plymouth Sound. By what lethargy of loyalty it happened I do not know, but *there* is also a picture of Mrs. Wright modelling the head of Charles the First, and their majesties contemplating it. Gainsborough has five landscapes there, of which one especially is worthy of any collection, and of any painter that ever existed. \* \* \*. The Exhibition is much inferior to last year's; nobody shines there but Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. The head of the former's Dido is very fine—I do not admire the rest of the piece. His Lord Richard Cavendish is bold and stronger than he ever colored. The picture of my three nieces is charming. Gainsborough has two pieces with land and sea, so free and natural that one steps back for fear of being splashed. The back front of the Academy is handsome, but like the other to the street, the members are so heavy that one cannot stand back enough so see it in any proportion, unless in a barge moored in the middle of the Thames.

AN EXHIBITION AT DRURY LANE (1780.)

There has been such an uncommon event that I must give you an account of it, as it relates to the republic of poetry, of which you are president, and to the aristocracy of noble authors, to whom I am gentleman usher. Lady Craven's comedy, called the *Miniature Picture*, which she acted herself with a genteel set at her own house in the country, has been played at Drury Lane. The chief singularity was that she went to it herself the second night, in form; sat in the middle of the front row of the stage box, much dressed, with a profusion of white bugles and plumes, to receive the public homage due to her sex and loveliness. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Harcourt, Lady Edgcombe, Lady Ailesbury, Mrs. Damer, Lord Craven, General Conway, Colonel O'Hara, Mr. Lenox, and I were with her. It was amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself—but there is such an integrity and frankness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents, that she speaks of them with a *naïveté*, as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the gods. Lord Craven, on the contrary, was quite agitated by his fondness for her, and with impatience at the bad performance of the actors, which was wretched indeed, yet the address of the plot, which is the chief merit of the piece, and some lively pencilling carried it off very well, though Parsons murdered the Scotch Lord, and Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favorite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms, or him. There is a very good though endless Prologue, written by Sheridan and spoken in perfection by King, which was encoored (an entire novelty) the first night; and an Epilogue that I liked still better, and which was full as well delivered by Mrs. Abington, written by Mr. Jekyl; the audience, though very civil, missed a fair opportunity of being gallant, for in one of those—logues, I forget which, the noble authoress was mentioned, and they did not applaud as they ought to have done exceedingly when

she condescended to avow her pretty child and was there looking so very pretty. I could not help thinking to myself how many deaths Lady Harcourt would have suffered rather than encounter such an exhibition. Yet Lady Craven's tranquillity had nothing displeasing; it was only the ease that conscious pre-eminence bestows on sovereigns whether their empire consists in power or beauty. It was the ascendant of Millamont and Lady Betty Modish and Indamore; and it was tempered by her infinite good nature, which made her make excuses for the actors instead of being provoked at them.

A HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN 1781.

Lady Browne and I going to the Duchess of Montrose here at Twickenham Park on Thursday night, as we often do, were robbed by a single horseman within few yards of the Park-gate. She lost a trifle, and I nine guineas; but I had the presence of mind before I let down the glass to take out my watch and put it within my waistcoat under my arm. The gentleman, for so I believe he was, declared himself much obliged, pulled off his hat, wished us good night, and I suppose will soon have leave to raise a regiment.

A BON MOT BY FOOTE.

If you satisfy me, I will tell you the following *bon mot* of Foote, but be sure you don't read what follows till you have obeyed my commands. Foote was at Paris in October, when *Dr. Murray* was, who, *admiring or dreading* his wit, (for commentators dispute on the true reading,) often invited him to dinner with his nephew. The ambassador produced a very small bottle of Tokay, and dispensed it in very small glasses. The uncle, to prove how precious every drop, said it was of the most exquisite growth, and very old. Foote, taking up the diminutive glass, and examining it, replied, "It is very little of its age." Return me my story if you don't perform the conditions.

A BON MOT BY WALPOLE.

Last week at Princess Amelie's (another of my courts in miniature) Lady Margaret Compton said she was as poor as Job. "I wonder," said Lady Barrymore, "why people only say *as poor as Job*, and never as rich, for in one part of his life he had great riches." "Yes," said I, "Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently, and call him *Jobb*."

CHARLES FOX AND HIS FRIENDS (1782.)

T'other night at Brooks' the conversation turned on Lord Falkland; Fitzpatrick said he was a very weak man and owed his fame to Lord Clarendon's partiality. Charles Fox was sitting in a deep reverie, with his knife in his hand. "There," continued Fitzpatrick, "I might describe Charles meditating on his ruin of his country, ingeminating the words, peace! peace! and ready to plunge the knife in his own bosom."—"Yes," rejoined Hare, in the same ironic, dolorous tone, "and he would have done so, but happening to look on the handle of the knife, he saw it was silver, and put it in his pocket."

SELWYN'S JOKE ON THE FALL OF LORD NORTH.

George Selwyn said an excellent thing t'other night. Somebody at White's missing Keene and Williams, Lord North's confidants, asked where they were? "Sitting up with the corpse, I suppose," said Selwyn. This was quite in character for him, who has been joked with for loving to see executions and dead bodies.

At an evening party in Aberdeen, recently, it was proposed to dispose of the *belle* of the room by lottery. Twenty tickets were immediately sold at a fixed price. The joke ended not here. The fortunate adventurer has since married the lady.

From the Times.

## AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.\*

ARE we really an incomprehensible and indescribable people? Is John Bull so restless or so sulky a brute that he will not sit still whenever the foreigner volunteers to draw his respectable and highly characteristic portrait? Is the animal so thoroughly dense that it is impossible to penetrate deeper than his skin? Nothing is more puzzling than that the Englishman should continue a puzzle to any who have time to look the individual for five minutes in the face. Every feature is marked, every expression is decided; the man makes no attempt at concealment; his ideas are not very complex and his language is much to the purpose. His habits are prosaic to a fault; his vices as strongly defined and coarse as his virtues are palpable and sterling. One would really think that, with such a subject before him, no painter could go very far wrong. The truth is, however, that an artist, bringing his canvass and his tools across the channel or the sea to our shores, seldom goes right. How has M. Ledru Rollin within this month or two described the manners and customs of the people whom he professes to have sounded to their heart's core? How, to this hour, is the Englishman represented on the Parisian stage, or in M. Dumas' entertaining romances? Thirty years' peace and constant intercourse with Britain have enabled French dramatists to portray Sir Wilson, Lord Mayor of London, selling his wife for half-a-crown in Smithfield to Lord Jenkins, who, dressed as a jockey—his daily suit—celebrates his purchase with a "Goddam" and a carouse in an adjacent public house. Twenty years' further experience will enable French novelists to describe minutely the great events of the civil war, and to show how, whilst Cromwell and Charles II. were struggling for supremacy, Shakspeare and Milton were contending for public favor, and Edmund Kean was outstripping all by the fascinations of his person and the enchantments of his art. Ungarnished England has evidently too insipid a flavor for our continental friends. To please their intellectual palates, we must be served up like their own highly-seasoned dishes. That the *sauce piquant* bears an undue proportion to the meat is indisputable; but it is equally certain that but for the sauce we should not be swallowed at all.

Do Americans understand us a whit better than the French? We doubt it. If they do, it is a pity that their knowledge is studiously concealed as often as they attempt to describe us. With the exception of Washington Irving, what American writer has drawn a true picture of our country, or imparted to his fellow-citizens just notions of any one portion of English society? They who have lived longest amongst us, and affect to know us best, differ only from the flying tourist who knows us not at all in the admirable circumstantiality of their perversions and the protracted display of their ignorance. The books before us are models of true American criticism of English life and manners. Both are written by gentlemen who have passed a considerable time in England, who pretend to have their subject at their fingers' ends,

and who make frequent boast of their intimacy with the aristocratic circles in which republicans delight to find their recreation. Both profess veracity, for whilst Mr. Willis announces his pictures as "drawn under a thin veil of fiction," he begs to assure us in his preface that "there is more or less of truth in all the stories he has written," and that he forbears to supply actual names only because he has suffered on previous occasions by a superabundant exhibition of his native ingenuousness; and both, no doubt, command the diligent attention of the transatlantic public, for whose especial instruction they are written.

Mr. Colman arrived in England as far back as the year 1843 in the capacity of a practical agriculturist. His object was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with English farming; and, in order to render his studies easy, he came armed with introductions to all the great dukes, earls, and barons famous in England for their agricultural achievements. During his stay of three years and upwards, Mr. Colman wrote frequently to friends at home; and when he himself returned to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1849, he contrived to collect his numerous epistles, that he might make the general public familiar with the secrets hitherto confided exclusively to the bosoms of his private correspondents. A more unnecessary step Mr. Colman could not have taken. We can honestly declare that never before were 750 pages doomed to bear so large a quantity of nothing at all. There is absolutely no more reason for the publication of these letters than for the communication of the private correspondence of a London tailor with his customers. We could have spared professional disquisitions, which, indeed, are never offered, but from an intelligent traveller, with extraordinary means of observation at his command, we might reasonably expect, in the course of two bulky volumes, a glean here and there of shrewd remark and philosophical acumen. Throughout the dreary waste there is hardly one green spot. Leaving England at the end of 1846, Mr. Colman travelled through France into Italy, and found himself on his backward journey again in Paris at the beginning of 1848. Letters are despatched to Massachusetts from France and Italy as from England. In 1844, this American beheld the passionate and terrible excitement of our railway madness; in 1845, he was eye-witness of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, and of the indomitable progress of the League; in 1846, he saw the great battle fought in the House of Commons, and heard the eloquent voices that now justified, and now as vehemently opposed, the free trade policy of the tory chief. In 1847, he set foot in Italy, and came in presence of seething anarchy waiting only for a spark to convert it into flaming fire. In 1848, he saw the universal conflagration. What a period for contemplation and instruction! What an opportunity for a New World traveller with intellect enough to comprehend the singular phenomena, and skill to impart the living lessons to his distant and less-favored brethren! Some men would have given half their lives for the advantages utterly disregarded by the most inveterate twaddler ever produced on either side of the Atlantic. Amsterdam is struck off in two pages; Switzerland in one; Milan has a page and a half; Florence and Rome as much; and Naples has no notice whatever. For one line having reference to "European life and manners," there are a hundred devoted to lugubrious discourses intended for moral sermons,

\* *European Life and Manners, in Familiar Letters to Friends*, by Henry Colman, Esq. In two Vols. Boston and London, 1849.

*People I have Met, or Pictures of Society and People of Mark, drawn under a thin Veil of Fiction.* By N. P. Willis. London: Bentley, 1850.



and as specimens of the author's superior style of composition. The necessity for letter-writing seems to weigh like lead upon poor Mr. Colman's spirit; yet why he writes at all must remain forever a mystery to his readers. "It is not possible, in a hurried letter," he says, on one occasion, "for out of a hurry I now despair of ever escaping, to give you anything like an account of my residence in England;" and thereupon the gentleman writes a long homily upon animal nature, moral nature, idolatry, and domestic felicity. At another time he finds himself making purchases in a shop in Regent street. He calls for pen, ink, and paper. "I have," writes this unnecessarily-agitated man to his dear A., "a few spare moments in a shop in Regent street, and these shall be given to you." Surely there must be something to communicate in a letter thus singularly commenced. The gist of the momentous epistle is, that Mr. Colman has been "at the opera four times this winter, by invitation, for he has no guineas to throw away, and last went with Lady Molesworth, whose daughter holds a very high place in his regard, for her agreeable manners and her bright mind." We strongly suspect that the letters to Mr. Colman's friends were written quietly in Massachusetts for his book, and that his book is anything but the honest and legitimate consequence of his letter-writing.

When our American traveller does condescend to reveal a fact, it is ten to one that the fact is no fact at all. The druggists' shops of London, according to this accurate observer, "are open all night." Kensal-green cemetery is "seven miles from London," and the court dress in which gentlemen are presented at Queen Victoria's levees "is the same that was worn in the days of Queen Elizabeth." English ladies "never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once, and if they find, on going into society, another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves, the dress, upon being taken off, is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands the perquisite." The servants of the aristocracy are generally a very sensitive and sentimental class. There are servants in all the great houses to attend upon the guests, "one of whom is sure to attach himself to you, rendering the most constant service." The anecdotes have all the exactness of the original remarks. "The other day, when the queen was *embarking at Brighton*," writes the careful Mr. Colman again to his dear A., "the usual carpet was not laid upon the wharf, and the mayor and aldermen pulled off their scarlet robes of office, and laid them down for the royal lady to walk upon. The caricaturists now have them drawn up in full array with asses' ears." In London, we are told, "Nobody knows nobody, nor anybody. There are never any salutations in the street, unless here and there a couple of washerwomen, old cronies, happen to meet to drink a glass of gin together." In the smallest, as well as in the greatest matters, Mr. Colman is invariably at fault. The boys of Christ's Hospital are dressed in "a long blue single-breasted coat, reaching down to their feet, *yellow buckskin breeches*, yellow woollen stockings, and shoes with buckles." So strong is the passion for flowers in London, "that you see persons of all conditions sticking flowers in their button-holes, or wearing them in their hats, or carrying them in their hands." Any man in London "who goes abroad to make a call on business or pleasure must calculate generally to lose a day and spend a sovereign." The following account of a journey from London to Croydon

will surprise our readers quite as much as the foregoing announcement:—"On Wednesday last, I went to Croydon to see a farm cultivated in a peculiar manner, about which much has been said and written. I was amused when I got home, late in the evening, in recalling the different conveyances by which I had accomplished my journey. I went four miles in a steamboat, five miles in an omnibus, *twenty-two miles by railroad*, and I walked *fourteen miles*, besides walking over the farm." Of the medical profession Mr. Colman gives a very distinct and accurate account. "The medical profession in London," he says, "is divided into three classes—that of surgeon, physician and apothecary; there are, *likewise*, what are called general practitioners, which implies surgeon, physician, and apothecary. A surgeon must keep his carriage and pair, and go always attended by his servant; an apothecary or general practitioner may go on foot. The physician or surgeon *always* expects his fee of a guinea for a visit before he leaves the house, *let his visits be ever so often*. The fee for a surgeon or physician in consultation with your regular attendant is *never less than two guineas*, to be paid at the time, and sometimes much more." It would appear that not only the doctors but the ladies of England also made an exception in favor of Mr. Colman, when he unfortunately fell sick in the metropolis. "It is impossible for me to say," writes our highly-favored friend to dear M., "what I feel of the kindness of my English friends. Lady — wrote saying she would come at once and take care of me, if she could be of any service; Lady — also wrote me as kind a note as possible, proffering her services to come and stay and do anything and everything in her power for me." The physician's bill was ridiculously small, (notwithstanding what has been said before,) and was "not more than enough to pay for the medicine," which we were told, five minutes ago, physicians on no account ever send to their patients.

Mr. Colman finds it impossible not to be amused with the idolatry of the English people towards the royal family. We find it equally difficult not to be entertained with Mr. Colman's ridiculous admiration of fine titles and high rank. Aristocracy avenges itself upon republican institutions, by compelling republicans to drop on their knees and to worship in secret the divinity they pretend to despise. The glee with which Mr. Colman relates his intimacy with English dukes and earls, the overpowering sense of obligation which he feels on being admitted into the private dwellings of our nobility, the amazement with which he records their princely mode of living, and the continual attempts he makes to impress upon his friends an adequate notion of his importance, by minutely describing the more than affectionate attentions of the great, would be inexplicable but for the circumstance that the writer is an American, and on that account the very man to betray the weakness peculiar to a class taught by the institutions of their land to affect contempt for the vanities which the frail and erring heart cannot choose but adore. It is a literal fact that there is scarcely one of the precious epistles, through which we have taken the trouble to wade, which does not contain one or more references to Mr. Colman's intimate and delightful communion with the British peerage. Debrett combined to do him honor. He can discourse of nothing else. What he communicates to "Dear A." is repeated to "Dear M.," and dished up again for "Dear S." He hardly arrives before he receives "a letter from Earl Fitzwilliam, par-

ticularly inviting me to pass a few days at Wentworth-house. After that I go to Lord Hatherton's;" then "I must pass some days with the Duke of Richmond," and by no means forget Lord Morpeth. Lord Braybrook, envious of the dukes and earls, sends an invitation, which Mr. Colman "hesitates to accept," because he does not know his lordship, but goes at length; and "most happy was I that I went. I met a large party of gentlemen and ladies in the house, several of whom I know, and almost all persons of rank and distinction. I never had a more pleasant visit. This is among the oldest families of the kingdom, and goes back to the beginning of the 16th century." The ladies vie with the gentlemen in their tender regard. "Lord Hatherton urges me to go to his country house, and to stay as long as I choose. He says he should really like it. This is very kind, and I believe he means what he says." Then, again at Goodwood, "I was to have left to-day, but the duke kindly invited me to stay until Saturday. He was obliged to attend his court, but the duchess expressed her wish that I would remain, and I was happy to stay." The Colman *furor* attacks the court itself. "Lord Bathurst and several others"—evidently set on by the queen—"wish me to be presented, and has offered me his sword and knee and shoe buckles, and bag wig, &c., but for several reasons I must decline the honor." Alas, poor queen!

Seven hundred pages of such trash adorn the Colman letters. "If time admits," this darling of the peerage promises a visit to the Duke of Sutherland; "of this, however, I am doubtful;" but he cannot fail to go to Gordon Castle, for he receives a letter from the noble owner, "kindly informing me that an engraving of the duchess waited my acceptance in London; a full-length portrait, and beautifully done." Lord Wallscourt is fortunate enough to secure Mr. Colman for a brief space. "A fortnight, it seems, would not have satisfied him," but I could stay only three nights. The Marquis of Downshire fares no better. "To-morrow I go to the Marquis of Downshire's," at Hillsborough, where I do not mean to be persuaded to stay, though he has been very kind in his attentions to me." Mr. Colman goes to the House of Lords. Of course, he takes his seat upon the throne or very near it. "I seldom go to Parliament," he writes, "but the night before last I attended the debates, having, by the kindness of some friends, a seat in the *peers' gallery*." But we must economize our space.

The most ridiculous feature of Mr. Colman's affectionate intercourse with the English aristocracy is his profound astonishment at matters of course, and every-day occurrences, which one would suppose a native of Timbuctoo—provided he washed his face and wore Christian clothing—might instinctively take for granted. Nothing astonished Mr. Colman more at the Duke of Portland's than "after using his basin" to find on his return to his bedroom that the servant had "cleaned" it, and "replenished the pitcher with water. Indeed, you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau." At another great house, to Mr. Colman's intense surprise, "a woman came in every morning to make my fire, and the servant to bring my clothes neatly brushed." It is quite instructive to listen to our traveller discoursing upon these and similar topics. We recommend especially the following passages to all ambitious readers:—

"If you perchance meet a servant in the halls or

passages of any great house, "they will be sure to get out of your way, unless you want them; and if anything is required you have only to touch your bell, and it is immediately responded to. At table no one helps himself to anything, but a servant always interferes. Even the person sitting at your side does not hand his own plate to be helped. Water cups are placed by your side, and oftentimes with perfumed water to wash your hands and lips after dinner, and these are taken away and others are put on with the dessert. Each guest is furnished with a *clean* napkin, which, after dinner, is never left on the table, but either thrown into your chair or upon the floor under the table. The ladies leave soon after the wine has passed twice round. After the gentlemen have drawn together, and finished their confab, in half-an-hour coffee is announced in the drawing room, when the gentlemen go in to meet the ladies. \* \* \* At 11 the servants bring in the decanters of wine, seltzer-water, and whiskey, with sugar and hot water, for every one to help himself, and the bed candles are placed upon the sideboard or in the outer hall."

Some arrangements at Woburn Abbey are peculiar to that establishment; from which, by the way, our friend departed "with many expressions of regard from the duke and duchess, and a hope that I should see them again and they should see me in London, when they came for the session of Parliament." The most remarkable of the peculiar "arrangements" is the duchess' page, "a lad who constantly attends on her, dressed in green, trimmed with gold lace, with Suwarrow boots and tassels, gold epaulets, and a sword by his side."

For a red-hot republican, Mr. Colman is sufficiently exclusive. Miss Cushman finds favor with her countryman in London only because "she comes with excellent letters;" and even these do not secure his good opinion after her representation of the character of Romeo. "Her appearance in a *male* character will cause her to lose *caste*, and exclude her from the intercourse of the truly refined, or at least prevent her being received on the same footing as before." Clergymen, "without title," find as little consideration as ladies in breeches. "I am staying with a clergyman," writes the republican on the 8th of October, 1843; "he is a gentleman of fortune, and, though without title himself, he married a lady of rank, and his family are allied by blood or marriage to some of the highest aristocracy in the kingdom. He specially invited me to come and pass a few days with him. I came by appointment yesterday, and shall leave to-morrow." Of course, the visitor "is urged to remain," but he is not to be persuaded. An apology for visiting a man "without title" is always forthcoming. "On Friday afternoon Mr. Pym took me in his carriage to pass the night with Mr. Adeane, a large proprietor, whose estate consists of about 2,500 acres. He has no title, but is a *highly-educated gentleman*." Can it be possible? As a set-off against Mr. Adeane, it is comforting to think that "on Thursday evening I went to dine at Lady Bassett's,"—a *peeress in her own right*!—"whose invitation I had received some time before in London."

Criticism does not abound in Mr. Colman's volumes. Dashes here and there are somewhat startling. Take the following for instance, on the exhibition of the Royal Academy:—"The exhibition is now open, but the pictures, amounting to many hundreds, are so numerous as absolutely to confound you. As a portrait painter, Healey, a

*Bostonian*, is greatly esteemed for the truth of his likenesses; but Landseer seems acknowledged by all to bear the palm." Sir Edwin will be gratified by the compliment. Again, hear Mr. Colman at the Opera. "The music, excepting the choruses, which are not to my taste, is, I suppose, as good as the world affords. The singing, however, exquisite as it is, does not equal that which I hear whenever I go to the Finsbury Unitarian Chapel." In 1845 there are only three great objects of interest in the British metropolis, the chief being "the marble statue of the Greek Slave, by Mr. Powers, the sculptor, formerly of Cincinnati;" and the great "talk in the fashionable world," at the same period, is the American stars, Miss Cushman and Mr. Edwin Forrest. What Mr. Colman understands by "the fashionable world" we begin to guess when he afterwards speaks of taking lodgings in Islington with the view of enjoying the quiet and beauty of a country life "after the distracting bustle and din of London."

One glance at Mr. Colman in his character of political philosopher, and we must quit the interesting subject. In October, 1847, writing to dear M. from Paris, our traveller informs his correspondent that "his English friends invite him to London, and promise him a hearty welcome;" but Mr. Colman is timid, and will not budge. "The situation of England," he says, "is critical and the result is uncertain." Indeed, upon the very eve of the French Revolution nothing is clearer to Mr. Colman than that England is about to be consumed by Social incendiarism, except that France is in a condition of fixed and permanent security. His letters at this period evince the American's sagacity to a remarkable degree. "I am curious to know," he writes to a London acquaintance, "what you are all to do in England. My advice to my dear friends there is to quit a sinking ship and flee to America." His solicitude increases as time wears on. "I do not wonder," he exclaims to dear M., "at your concern for John Bull. England is dreadfully diseased, and seems under the care of a set of practitioners who either have not the sagacity or the courage to apply the only effectual remedies." The eventful February arrives: Mr. Colman is still in Paris, walking over gunpowder, which he does not even smell, but he can see fire blazing from one end of London to the other. "Some persons say," he writes in his despair, "that it would be a great blessing if England could become a complete *tabula rasa*, and begin again; she is so full of anomalies and corruptions. Patch her up as you will, and the new cloth only makes the rent worse. Close up one sore, and half-a-dozen new ones break out. Her arrogance and insolence, they say, are insufferable. She has yet to understand, as Cobden recently said, 'that England is not the whole world.'" As late as the 22d of February, 1848, Mr. Colman ventured to point out to his American friends the great advantages possessed by France over England in all that constitutes a nation's greatness, and contributes to the comfort, quiet, contentment and happiness of a people. "In sobriety, industry, and frugality the French seem to me to excel all others. I make no exceptions. I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor. As to domestic attachments in France, I believe there is a full share of fidelity and domestic comfort. \* \* The best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I was told in England before I came to Paris that I should be constantly

cheated, but I have never been cheated at all. In some cases, where the shopkeepers have had opportunities of taking advantage of me, they have shown no inclination to do so; and would, I believe, have indignantly spurned the thought. The French have distinguished themselves by their philanthropic efforts and institutions." The very streets remind the traveller of the vast difference between a country doomed to anarchy and speedy destruction, like our own, and a land blessed with the elements of stability, like that of France. "The streets are crowded with people, all well dressed, all evidently well fed; only a single beggar, and that a cripple, solicited alms, and not a ragged person or vagabond was to be seen; in these respects presenting a contrast to the country we had left, where, in London, hunger and squalor, and drunkenness, and filth and wretchedness, crowd upon you at every corner." The revolution breaks out in France, much to Mr. Colman's delight, who prophecies a social millennium in less than a month, and the lost Englanders resolve to have no revolution at all, much to the disgust of the same gentleman, who makes mouths at Issachar for resting quietly under his burdens. We are bound to say that, as a politician, an observer of manners, critic, and reporter of facts, we never met Mr. Colman's equal.

In one respect only is Mr. N. P. Willis his decided superior, but in that respect Mr. Willis surpasses every man that ever wrote. The audacity of the author of *People I have Met* is towering and magnificent. He paints monsters, and then, with the greatest gravity imaginable, assures us that the creatures are every-day samples of walking humanity. We are warned not to be astonished at the people whom Mr. Willis has met, inasmuch as truth is stranger than fiction, and then we are introduced to individuals whom nature disowns, and no novelist but himself would have the courage to father. It is true enough that real life presents us often with pictures too startling for romance itself to deal with, but neither in real life nor in the realms of fiction do people walk on their heads, or drive about the streets in a state of nudity, or sing comic songs at church, or perform any other similar absurdity peculiar to the heroes of Bedlam and of Mr. Willis' ridiculous tales. We decline to fatigue our readers with a description of the arrant nonsense which this American gentleman has condescended to write. It is equally unnecessary to show that the assertion made by Mr. Willis, to the effect that he has drawn his pictures from decent society, into which he says he has found admittance, is a gross calumny, upon mankind at large. It is sufficient to express our unaffected regret that the literature of America should be dishonored, and the good sense of Englishmen offended, by the publication of three such volumes as those to which our attention has been directed.

*The Emperor Julian and his Generation*; an Historic Picture. By Augustus Neander, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin. Translated by G. V. Cox, M. A., Esquire Bedell in the University of Oxford.

Neander's *Julian and his Generation* was originally published in 1812, and received the praise of Niebuhr. It contains a good summary of the facts of Julian's life as a student and philosopher, as well as of his opinions; but the emperor is lost sight of, except as regards his conduct towards the Christians. The "historic picture" is very fair and impartial; but the real character of that remarkable ruler requires a more penetrating mind to exhibit than Dr. Neander.—*Spectator*.

## SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The annual dinner of the Maryland Historical Society took place at the Eutaw House, Baltimore. Hon. John P. Kennedy, Vice-President, presided in the absence of Gen. Smith, the President. Among the guests were Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, the Hon. Daniel Jenifer, recently the minister of this country to Vienna, the Hon. Waddy Thompson, late minister to Mexico, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, and Mr. Lytton, son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and attaché to the British Legation in this country.

After the regular toasts had been disposed of, Mr. Z. C. Lee proposed the following sentiment:—

*Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer*—His intercourse with our country is guided by a wise conviction that the true policy of great nations is to cultivate mutual respect and esteem, and that the foundations of a durable peace are most securely laid in those courtesies, public and private, which spring from an enlightened and friendly estimate of the manners of each.

After the cheering had subsided, Sir Henry made an address, which occupied nearly three quarters of an hour, of which the Baltimore American furnishes the following spirited sketch. The quiet manner of his allusion to a certain ridiculous movement in this city, we feel sure, will provoke a smile from many of our readers:—

*Gentlemen*—Notwithstanding the pleasure which I feel in meeting you again, and the influence of the gay countenances which surround me, I confess to you that one sorrowful sentiment has at this moment the first place in my heart.

Since we last met, the brave and gallant spirit of that soldier who then ruled over the destinies of this republic, and to whose high achievements I had then the opportunity of paying a casual tribute of respect, has passed from us to that land where there is no honor to the victor, no humiliation to the vanquished. Sad and sudden, gentlemen, was that event, but even whilst following the remains of the honest-hearted TAYLOR to the grave, I could not see without admiration the quiet and decorous manner in which the reins of government passed, throughout this extended empire, from the hands of the Great Warrior to those of the Peaceful Magistrate. (Cheers.) Nor have I marked without interest how a prudent citizen, arriving so suddenly and unexpectedly at a power of which monarchs might be proud, at once displayed the sagacity and the capacity of a great ruler—calling to his councils the wise men of the land, (cheers,) and adopting that policy which he thought best calculated—in a crisis big with the fate of empire—to assuage the passions of conflicting parties, and to bring them to that ground of compromise, on which I agree with preceding speakers it is always politic when possible to arrange calmly and amicably the worldly differences of mankind. (Loud applause.) And, if these things, gentlemen, are creditable to an individual, are they not creditable also to the institutions of the state to which he belongs! (Yes.) You say, Yes. I repeat, most assuredly, Yes! And I now speak of them because it appears to me that I cannot better testify that I deserve, in some degree, the regard and kindness with which you and your countrymen have honored

me, than by showing that I appreciate the qualities of the statesmen that govern you, and the institutions under which you live. (Applause.)

Oh! gentlemen, I am proud, you know it, I don't disguise it, of St. George—but I freely admit that the greatest feat he ever performed was that of begetting St. Jonathan. (Cheers and laughter.) Yonder figure, however, reminds me (pointing to a figure of History on the table) that we are not here as children of St. George or St. Jonathan, but as countrymen all of the great and common land of letters. (Cheers.) The society which is here assembled, and of which you have elected me a member, is dedicated to the study of history, and though the field to which it is principally confined is American history, in what part of the civilized world is not American history a subject of interest! (Cheers.) For my own part, gentlemen, I have just been qualifying myself to wear somewhat worthily the badge you have conferred upon me, (pointing to the ribbon of the society upon his breast,) by paying a visit to the fountain source of your early traditions; I mean that almost fabulous region where Powhatan—

the lord of all,  
Quivered and plumed and lithe and tall—

held his rule over the *half naked*—(much laughter)—may I say this!—(laughter)—and ruthless warriors who roved through the primitive forests of Virginia. Yes, gentlemen, I think I could pass my examination, and show a good title to my degree, for I have been standing on the ground where the gallant Smith was laid upon the fatal stone, and have listened, on the very spot where those romantic facts occurred, to the tale of how the beautiful, I suppose I may not say the *fair*, daughter (laughter) of the Indian King rushed to the rescue of our common hero, and saved for future deeds a life already so full of marvellous adventure (cheers); and is it not a fact of singular and favorable augury, that after visiting the historical exploits of one John Smith, I should find *another* John Smith, (laughter)—probably his descendant—president of your Historical Society! (Cheers and laughter.)

Will you allow me to congratulate you on having a president who has such a traditional claim to the post! And will you allow me also to congratulate you in following the pursuit which you have selected as the occupation of your leisure, in a spot, and under circumstances, which must naturally tend to make it agreeable! (Cheers.) Your historical studies, gentlemen, must of course begin with your own peculiar history, and whether you look to its past, current, or its future course, I don't think you can well be dissatisfied. (Cheers.) Ay, gentlemen of Maryland, let us turn to the first pages of your early chronicles—what do we see there! Amidst a time of general intolerance, when the voice of Religion was elsewhere drowned amidst the cries of victims and the shouts of persecutors, when her holy light was elsewhere rendered lurid by the glare of bonfires blazing over human sacrifice, *here*, in this chosen land, her soft and gentle accents sank into the heart of the penitent, breathing mercy and forgiveness (cheers); whilst her ever-sacred ray, beaming round the tranquil altars of St. Mary's, seemed, like the lustre of the sweet planet of the night, to dispel surrounding darkness and disperse the clouds which the tempests of that stormy time drove ever and anon toward the peaceful waters of the Potomac (applause); and here, gentlemen, let us not pursue history into the domain of theology,



nor seek to inquire whether this glorious toleration was the work of Protestant or Catholic.

Suffice it for us to know that it was the work of Americans and Englishmen, (loud cheers,) whose minds were imbued with a truly Christian spirit, at a time when men seemed to have unlearned the Christian precept, that no one can really love his God who does not love his neighbor also. (Applause.) And if such is the picture, gentlemen, which comes to you from times gone by, what is that which stands on the foreground of times now present, promising a future still more splendid for times to come? (Cheers.) Your city has increased within the last ten years from one hundred to a hundred and seventy thousand souls, and has added within the last year 1600 houses to its previous habitations. (Applause.) It stands upon a bay whence the shipping which crowds its waters is carried by the steady breeze of prosperous commerce to every region open to the ocean—(cheers)—while already three railroads place it in direct communication with the three great divisions of this immense continent. (Cheers.)

It contains amidst its community some of the heartiest friends and most accomplished gentlemen that are to be found on this or the other side of the Atlantic. (Applause.) Do you wish for examples? I could look round the room and pick and choose them, but let me turn to my friend near me, (turning to Mr. Kennedy,) where is there a more accomplished citizen of the world, or a more capital fellow? (Loud cheers.) Shall I stop here? Shall I say nothing of those "*Baltimore Clippers*" of yours, who, whether they lie with their sails furled in your harbor, or sweep down your streets, (laughter,) equipped in every way for conquest, (laughter,) are so neat in their build, so trim in their rigging, so well stored with all that can make a long voyage comfortable and agreeable—even from this world to the next? (Loud laughter.) And here, gentlemen, it may perhaps be permitted me to pay a grateful and more sober compliment to Baltimore beauty, which, as you know, at this time wears three of the proudest coronets of the British Peerage. (Cheers.) And more especially I would wish to pay a just tribute of respect to that high and noble lady who is equally an honor to your country and an ornament to our court; and who, bright with every mental and personal charm, was the evening, may I not say, *western*, star which shone on the serene evening of the busy life of that great statesman, who, whether he directed our foreign policy toward the triumphs that were obtained by his great brother, or ruled in the vice-regal palace of his dear native land, or found an adequate field for his comprehensive genius in the wide domains of our Indian empire, was at all times and places the idol of his friends and the admiration of his countrymen;—need I tell you that I speak of the wife of Lord Wellesley, the grand-daughter of Charles Carroll? (Applause.)

Gentlemen, your state and city have for me peculiarly dear and valuable associations. Never shall I forget the day, when, passing up that great river which rises in Maryland, our vessel paused before the site which is still hallowed by the shadow of your great warrior and statesman. (Cheers.)

Gay laughed the sun on that auspicious morn.

And there we lay, amid glad faces, giving the salutations of greeting, and receiving those of welcome. All was amity, joy, and peace. And yet the last time a vessel of the British government had

ridden on these waters, it had come as the ministrant of war, and been met by the loud and fierce cheer of stern defiance. The last time that the commingling smoke from British and American cannon had cleared away from that scene, it had left visible the field of anguish and of death.

How many years—how many thousand years—did that scene seem to me distant from the scene which was before me! (Loud cheers.) How different and distinct the sentiments which overshadowed that gloomy time from those which then lit up my breast, and which I was charged by the queen, my sovereign, to express to the president and people of the United States! (Applause.) Gentlemen, I do assure you that, as the thought of this contrast flashed upon me, my heart swelled with pride at the glorious nature of the mission which had been entrusted to me. (Cheers.) I envied at that moment no military conqueror; and, lifting up my eyes to the sacred mount, where still stands an edifice justly regarded by Americans as their temple of Peace and Concord, I invoked the spirit of the illustrious dead. I adjured the spirit of the great American Republican, whom one of his biographers has described as preëminently the English gentleman, (cheers,) to bless the humble endeavors of one of England's sons, who came to that spot with the earnest desire to reconcile the children of those who fought at Trenton or Yorktown to that old country in which are still to be found the tombs and trophies of their early fathers. (Cheers.)

Subsequently I visited Baltimore. I will say nothing of the kindness with which you received me. But shall I tell you where I again breathed the prayer to which I have just alluded? It was at the foot of that column which you have built as a monument of your triumphs in war, but which stands, let me tell you, in a city which is in itself a far more glorious monument of your triumphs in peace (cheers); and I then conceived and determined to carry out that idea, which your toast, that I am now replying to, expresses so happily, and so kindly repays me for. (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen, it did seem to me that there was a difference between the conduct which should be adopted by the man who was enjoined to keep up a formal correspondence between two small and distant courts, and that man who had the desire to establish a telegraphic communication between two great and kindred hearts (cheers); it did seem to me that the United States of America did not present a theatre for the diplomacy of *red tape*, (cheers and laughter,) for the diplomacy of that school which never writes but in cipher, (laughter,) and which, as M. de Talleyrand has said, always speaks in the language best adapted to conceal the thoughts. (Laughter.) I thought that you Americans were a people who would understand and appreciate the man who stepped out from the dark covert of official reserve, and stood side by side with you on the plain broad platform of social intercourse. (Cheers.)

Your cheers, the sentiments which your president has just given, and the universal and hearty welcome which I have everywhere received, all convince me that I was right—a hundred times right. (Applause.) It is true that I have received numerous invitations similar to that which brings me here, and which, however willing, I have been unable to attend to. My health, my avocations, render it possible, probable, that it will be out of my power, for a long period, at all events,

to attend similar convivial meetings to this. (Cries of No, no.) But the present engagement has been one of long standing, and it is agreeable for me to end, for the present, my course of good-fellowship with your intelligent and kind-hearted countrymen on the spot where it conspicuously began. (Cheers.) At all events, however, the plan which I adopted, and which, so far as my strength and ability would permit, I have executed, is still as much cherished by me as it is approved of by you. I shall always rejoice at having pursued it, and, indeed, I believe it has, in no small degree, tended to produce a perfectly different feeling between our two countries from that which previously existed. (Cheers.) Nevertheless, I am no orator, gentlemen, and if my words have ever reached your hearts it has been because they rush warmly from my own. (Cheers.) I have not attempted to speak state papers on this or like occasions, (cheers and laughter,) nor do I now con over every word that passes my lips, with the idea of guarding it against the possibility of being twisted or turned into some sense directly foreign to my meaning. (Cheers.) I have never thought that I was addressing watchful enemies. I have always felt that I was addressing intelligent and loyal friends. Was I right? (Cries of Yes.) You say Yes. Thank you. I know it. It would be impossible for me even to tell you how innumerable are the proofs which I have received and am daily receiving of this fact—such proofs will ever be most dear to me. (Cheers.)

Nor have they, perhaps, (may I venture to say it?) been wholly undeserved. Ever through my life, which, from my earliest years, has been before the public, I have opposed wrong and defied injustice; but I have never willingly offended any class, sect, or individual, (cheers,) and whenever I have done so involuntarily, I have always been ready with a manly explanation or frank apology. (Cheers.) This conduct has won me some small consideration from men of all parties in my own country. I am equally proud to say it has done the same for me in yours, (cheers,) and if, in the continuation of my career amongst you, a career which has but *one, one, one*, object, that of strengthening the friendly ties between our two nations, (cheers,) I should at any time be unkindly misrepresented or ungenerously attacked—such conduct, totally at variance with the general character of your noble people, will not give me the slightest concern, (cheers,) for I can wish for no better defence than that which I shall immediately find in your own public opinion. (Applause.) Yes, gentlemen, I say your public opinion—for whatever may be the winds that agitate that deep sea, forever stirred by the proud spirit of intellect and thought, no small sentiment or unworthy motive ever mingles with its mighty billows. (Cheers.) And here, now and forever, I launch on those great waves my character, with the confidence of a mariner who knows the glorious nature of the elements to which he confides his fortune. (Loud applause.)

From the Spectator.

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY'S TRAVELS  
IN AMERICA.\*

THESE volumes contain an account of an enterprising tour, for a lady, made by Lady Emmeline

\* Travels in the United States, &c., during 1849 and 1850. By the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. In three volumes. Published by Bentley.

Stuart Wortley, in 1849 and 1850, through parts of North and South America. New York was of course her landing-place; whence she visited the Falls of Niagara and the cities lying in her route, with Boston and other places on her return. She subsequently went to Philadelphia and Washington, crossed the Alleghanies to Louisville, descended the Mississippi to New Orleans, and thence to Mobile. From that city the dauntless pilgrim steamed to Vera Cruz, and made a diligence journey to Mexico and back; she next sailed for Havana, and then for Panama, ascending the river Chagres in a boat as far as she could, and crossing the remainder of the Isthmus on a mule. Lima, in Peru, was the terminus of her travels, and the narrative closes with her arrival at Jamaica on her return.

The publication of her travels was not Lady Emmeline's original intention. She would not even keep a journal, lest she should be tempted; but, having written off her remarks and impressions in her letters, she yielded on her return to "request of friends;" and these volumes consist of a revised and extended edition of her correspondence. Whether the complimentary urgency of her acquaintance was judicious, may be doubted. Although the places Lady Emmeline visited are not in the route of travellers for pleasure, yet enough has been written about the most remote, of late years, to render some distinctness of purpose or force of delineation necessary to impart interest to the narrative. Those who are acquainted with Lady Emmeline's poetry will not expect much of depth or condensed strength from her prose; and the drawing-room mode of estimating things, which distinguishes her narrative, is not well fitted for an active country like America, where material industry is made the sole business of life. In a sense this peculiarity gives novelty; we are shown features that other people disregard or do not see; but the style has too much of the drawing-room as well as the matter selected for description. The composition is not exactly prolix, nor is it empty; but it is slight and superficial—qualities which, as Lady Emmeline intimates in her preface, may, in part, be owing to the book having been based on a familiar correspondence addressed to minds and tastes akin to the writer's.

Perhaps the freshest and most valuable portion of the book is that which relates to society in America. The conclusions, indeed, must be taken with allowance. Common travellers see the worst of American society; Lady Wortley saw the best, and saw it, doubtless, on its best behavior. When she put up at a hotel, she escaped the gobble-down system of American ordinaries, by dining in private. In society, where she passed a great deal of her time in the older states, every one was naturally anxious to exhibit self and country in the best point of view to the English celebrity, poetess, and titled lady; and they succeeded. Lady Emmeline was charmed with everything and everybody. Sometimes we cannot but think she allowed her good-natured gratitude, and her poetical habit of exalting the real into the ideal, to carry her a little beyond the actual. That the wealthy, well-descended, and, according to report, very exclusive families in the older states of America, should have a well-conducted establishment, and exhibit self-possessed manners, with more of old-fashioned formal courtesy than is now the mode in Europe, was to be expected; but we were scarcely prepared to hear of such high breeding and distinguished looks as Lady

Emmeline fell in with. We should rather have expected a provincial manner, slightly approaching the priggish, when thought or refinement was aimed at, with a strength more tending towards the rugged or ungainly than the heroic. However, "speak as you find;" and in this strain throughout speaks Lady Emmeline.

I like the Americans more and more; either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travellers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them, (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion,) and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as anywhere else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steam-boats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.

Good-nature, a determination to struggle on through difficulties, and a natural politeness to women, would really seem to be a characteristic of the Americans. When Lady Emmeline crossed the Isthmus of Panama, the Californian fever was at its height, and the concourse somewhat resembled the sutlers of an army in retreat. Men stimulated by the "auri sacra flammæ," carrying their "traps" on their backs in default of other means of conveyance, were not only regardless of the rights of others (of the Anglo-Saxon race) but polite. These are scenes from the road.

Our room (at Gorgona) with its solitary aperture commanded a view of the commencement of the road to Panama; and many an interesting and curious sight did we witness from it. One that was very characteristic of American go-aheadishness and independence, I will relate. A spare, eager-eyed "States' man," had loaded an obstinate-looking animal with probably all his worldly goods, and was starting, or rather attempting to start, perfectly alone on his road to Panama; for the animal resolutely refused to budge, and he was dragging at it by an immense long rope with all his might and main, he at one end of the rambling street, and it at the other, and shouting out in English to the sauntering natives by the roadside, "I say, which is the road to Panama?" Another was stepping on deliberately, his bundle under his arm, and a huge umbrella, like that you see represented in Chinese rice-paper drawings, over his head, following the first path that came in his way.

The English party start too, but are annoyed by a troublesome mule.

It was almost constantly "stopping the way." We had no sooner driven it on than it paused again: it was like one of those great buzzing, teasing flies, that towards the end of summer perfectly haunt you,

and, if expelled from your hand, are found on your face, and so on. Now we found our friend sticking on a bank, threatening to tumble down on us if we went on, like an avalanche of mule and mangas; and now just standing across our path; and now again he would turn short round, as if to dare us to single combat, and sometimes would play at bo-peep behind the trees—in short, he was the dread and horror of us all, and a cry of "Here he comes!" was sufficient to send us all helter-skelter.

A weary American, trudging on alone under an accumulation of afflictions, in the shape of blankets, bundles, cloaks, and knapsacks, whom we overtook, had compassion on the poor naughty mule, and humanely interfered in its behalf. "Indeed, ladies, I think the creature 's nigh tired out; better let him rest a little." But we had lost so much precious time by these various unforeseen misfortunes, that we could not stop; and we knew by experience what allowing the four-footed culprit to loiter behind would bring on us, and the horrible nudging of trunks and elbowing of boxes to which we should subject ourselves, probably to the demolition of our ribs. So we declined this; and the state of the case was explained to the humane traveller; and, as he looked almost fagged to death beneath his mountain pile of luggage, (and as a reward for his humanity to our tired tormentor,) I begged him to put part of his heavy load on one of our lightly-laden mules; which he gladly did.

We were now at a more open part of the road, but soon again we plunged into thick forest for a short time, and then arrived at a partial clearing. The daylight now was beginning to wane; and I was surprised to see one of the leading mules taken by the guides out of the road along a smooth path to the right. The rest of course followed; and on inquiring what was the reason, the head guide came and said, in consequence of the unfortunate delay it would be safer to wait at an Indian village in the wood till morning, as the road further on was very rough and bad, and the forest so impenetrably thick that it would be very dark; also, that one of the guides with the baggage-mules had hurt his ankle very badly in scrambling among some stumps and blocks of stone, and that it was absolutely necessary he should rest.

After a little parleying and demurring I consented to remain at this Indian village till the moon rose (when, as it was full, it would be a little lighter than most days in England;) and, wishing good night to the weary American traveller, who was "bound" to join some of his companions at an American encampment a little way beyond, and who did not seem much to like the prospect of threading the dark masses of forest alone without the protection of our escort, we pursued our way to the Indian village.

Lady Emmeline saw something of the slaves, if it cannot be said that she saw slavery; but she saw them, like other matters, in holiday dress. The late President, General Taylor, invited her to visit his estate, which his son managed, and which she beheld as royalty in this country beholds rustics.

The late president's son was there, and received us with the kindest hospitality. The slaves were mustered and marshalled for us to see; cotton was picked from the few plants that had survived the late terrible overflowing of the Mississippi; and the interior of one of the slaves' houses was exhibited to us. As to the slaves themselves, they were as well fed, comfortably clothed, and kindly cared for in every way as possible, and seemed thoroughly happy and contented. The dwelling-house we went to look at was extremely nice; it was a most tastefully decorated and an excellently furnished one; the walls were covered with prints, and it was scrupulously clean and neat.

V—— expressed a great wish to see some of the small sable fry; and a whole regiment of little robust,

rotund, black babies were forthwith paraded for her special amusement; it was a very orderly little assemblage, and it cannot be imagined how nice and clean they all looked. Such a congregation of little smiling, good-natured, raven rolypolies, I never saw collected together before. One perfect duck of a child was only about three weeks old, but it comported itself quite in as orderly a manner as the rest, as if it had been used to give parties and assemblies, and receive any quantity of company from every nation on earth all its days or rather hours. It was as black as a little image carved in polished ebony, and as plump as a partridge (in mourning.) These pitchy-colored piccaninnies differed from white children in one essential particular, for they were all perfectly quiet and silent; all wide awake, but all still and smiling.

After the main body had departed, a small straggler was brought in (whose mother, perhaps, had lavished additional cares upon its state toilette;) and it alone, apparently alarmed at finding itself thus unsupported and insulated, testified its disapprobation at the presence of English visitors by a very mild squall. We saw an older child afterwards, who was very nearly white, with lovely features and fair hair; the mother was a Mulatto, and the father almost white.

V— was highly delighted with the whole company of little inky imps from first to last, nursing and fondling them in high glee; and it may be readily conceived that the mothers stood by equally enchanted at having their little darkies so appreciated—and not a little proud; showing their splendid glittering teeth almost from ear to ear.

All the slaves were evidently taken the kindest care of on General Taylor's plantation. Men, women, and children, all appeared to adore Mr. Taylor; who seemed extremely kind to them, and affable with them.

From the Leader.

#### FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a sunny morn,  
While the lark was singing sweet,  
Came, beyond the ancient farmhouse,  
Sound of lightly tripping feet;  
'T was a lowly cottage maiden,  
Going, why, let young hearts tell,  
With her homely pitcher laden,  
Fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway,  
All along the quiet lane,  
And the breezes of the morning  
Moved them to and fro again.  
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow,  
Passed the maiden of the farm,  
With a charmed heart within her,  
Thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings,  
For the nodding leaves in vain  
Sought to press their bright'ning image  
On her ever busy brain.  
Leaves and joyous birds went by her,  
Like a dim, half-waking dream,  
And her soul was only conscious  
Of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning  
Lay a well of water bright,  
Singing, soft, its hallelujahs  
To the gracious morning light.

Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it,  
Where its silver droplets fell,  
And the fairies dwelt beside it,  
In the spotted fox-glove bell.

Back she bent the shading fern leaves,  
Dipped the pitcher in the tide—  
Drew it, with the dripping waters  
Flowing o'er its glazed side.  
But, before her arm could place it  
On her shiny, wavy hair,  
By her side a youth was standing!—  
Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tones of tremulous emotion  
Trailed upon the morning breeze,  
Gentle words of heart-devotion  
Whisper'd neath the ancient trees.  
But the holy, blessed secrets,  
It becoms me not to tell;  
Life had met another meaning—  
Fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered,  
He the burthened pitcher bore;  
She, with dewy eyes down looking,  
Grew more beauteous than before!  
When they neared the silent homestead,  
Up he raised the pitcher light;  
Like a fitting crown he placed it  
On her head of wavelets bright.

Emblem of the coming burdens  
That for love of him she 'd bear,  
Calling every burthen blessed,  
If his love but lighten there!  
Then, still waving benedictions,  
Further—further off he drew,  
While his shadow seemed a glory  
That across the pathway grew.

Now about her household duties,  
Silently the maiden went,  
And an ever-radiant halo  
With her daily life was blent.  
Little knew the aged matron,  
As her feet like music fell,  
What abundant treasure found she,  
Fetching water from the well.

SUGGESTIONS made at an early period, that the Exhibition should be made subservient to educational purposes, are already acted on. Professor Cowper, of King's College, has commenced a series of lectures to his class on the building and its contents; and Professor Anstead is said to be now busily making arrangements for the formation of classes in mineralogy and chemistry, to whom he will deliver practical lectures in the building itself. The Executive Committee are stated to be desirous of giving all possible facilities to the great metropolitan schools for carrying out such excellent purposes.

SEVERAL provincial clergymen have written to the Executive Committee with proposals to bring up all their parishioners in a body for a day's view of the Exhibition.

WE understand that it is the intention of the sculptors of this country to invite to a dinner the foreign artists and sculptors who have contributed to the Exhibition. The entertainment will, we believe, be presided over by Sir C. Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy.—*Morning Chronicle*.

The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston. Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.